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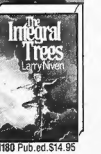

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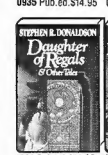

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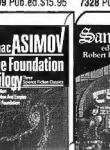

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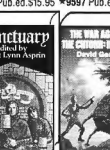

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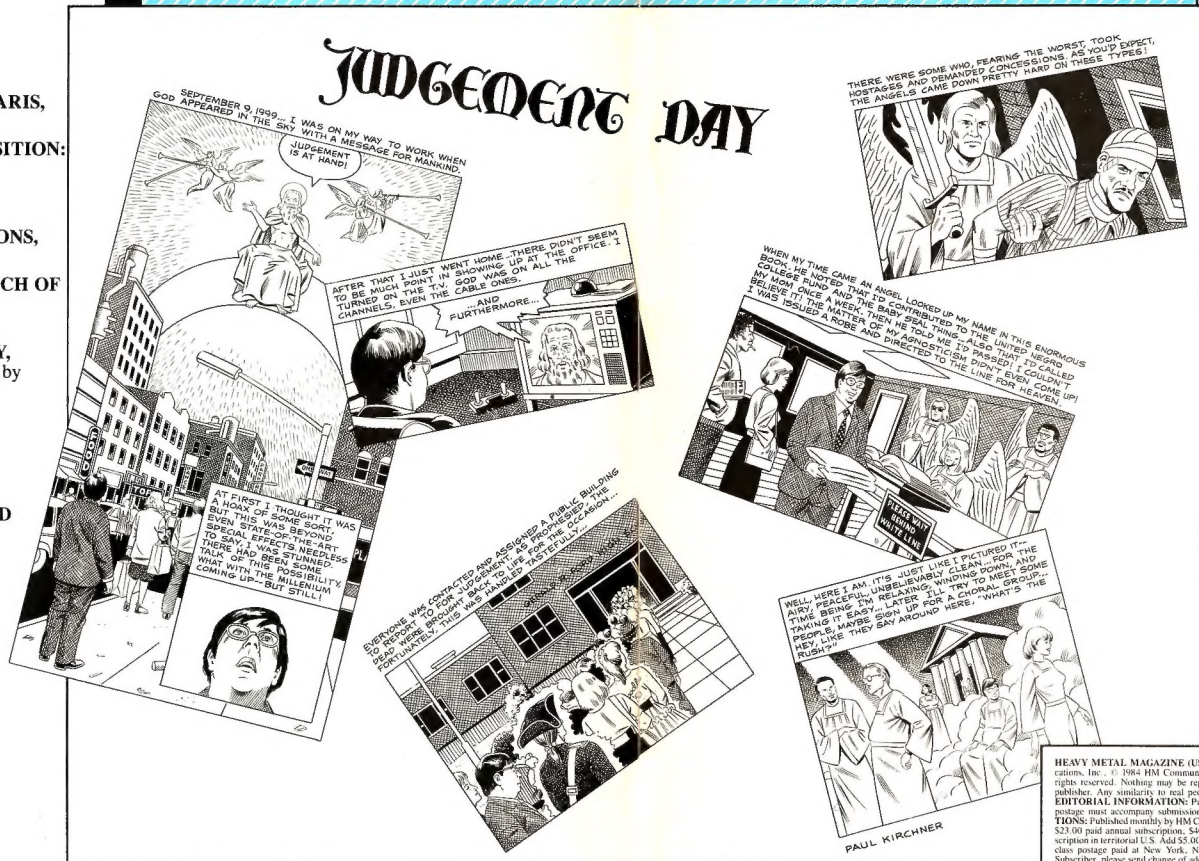
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SEPTEMBER 9, 1959... I WAS ON MY WAY TO WORK WHEN GOD APPEARED IN THE SKY WITH A MESSAGE FOR MANKIND.
JUDGEMENT IS AT HAND!
AFTER THAT I JUST WENT HOME...THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH POINT IN SHOWING UP AT THE OFFICE. I TURNED ON THE T.V. GOD WAS ON ALL THE CHANNELS, EVEN THE CABLE ONES.
AND FURTHERMORE...
AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS A HOAX OF SOME SORT. BUT THIS WAS BEYOND EVEN STATE-OF-THE-ART SPECIAL EFFECTS. THERE WAS NO NEED TO SAY, THERE WAS NEEDLESS TALK OF THIS POSSIBILITY HAD BEEN STUNNED. WHAT WITH THE MILLENIUM COMING UP...BUT STILL!
THERE WERE SOME WHO, FEARING THE WORST, TOOK HOSTAGES AND DEMANDED CONCESSIONS. AS YOU'D EXPECT, THE ANGELS CAME DOWN PRETTY HARD ON THESE TYPES!
WHEN MY TIME CAME AN ANGEL LOOKED UP MY NAME IN THIS ENORMOUS BOOK. HE NOTED THAT I'D CONTRIBUTED TO THE UNITED NEGRO COLLEGE FUND AND THAT I'D PASSED THE COLLEGE BOARDS ONCE AND THAT MY MOM RUNS A HOME FOR UNWED MOTHERS. ALSO THAT I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! THAT A WEEK-OLD BABY BOY TOLD ME I WAS AGNOSTICISM DIDN'T EVEN COUNT! I WAS ISSUED A ROBE AND DIRECTED TO THE LINE FOR HEAVEN.
EVERYONE WAS CONTACTED AND ASSIGNED A PUBLIC BUILDING TO REPORT TO FOR UPGRADING AS PREACHERS. THE DEAD WERE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE FOR THE OCCASION... FORTUNATELY, THIS WAS HANDLED TASTEFULLY...
WELL, HERE I AM. IT'S JUST LIKE I PICTURED IT... AIRY, PEACEFUL, UNBELIEVABLY CLEAN... FOR THE TIME BEING I'M RELAXING. TAKING IT DOWN, AND PEOPLE, MAYBE SIGN UP FOR A CHORAL GROUP... HEY, LIKE THEY SAY AROUND HERE, "WHAT'S THE RUSH?"
PAUL KIRCHNER

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Dossier

Wordpekar

Consider the case of **Harvey Pekar.**

Here's a guy who's *got* to be the crabbiest person east of the Mississippi. (Yeah, he lives in Cleveland—but is that really an excuse?) At the same time, he puts out the best damned comic book you can buy—*if* you can find it. If you can't, you can order it from Harvey. Who, as you might recall, is a real grouch.

Why is Harvey so crabby, you ask? Because of assholes like *you*, asking dumb questions like that all the time. I mean, can't you find anything better to do than bug other people? Especially people who are just trying to get by, working a nine-to-fiver, and then putting together this great mag, ***American Splendor***, about the life and times and thoughts and problems of Harvey Pekar—a magazine which never sells worth a damn and is a pain in the ass to get into final form, what with artists always being late with their work, and the printers always fucking up, and the distributors never ordering enough copies. . . .

Well, you'd be cranky, too. And that's just Harvey's point—people can be a real pain in the ass, *life* can be a real pain in the ass, and what the hell is he going to do with 50,000 unsold copies of *American Splendor* stored in attics all over Cleveland?

Worry is what he's doing at the moment. Harvey Pekar has a lot to worry about—he doesn't mind telling you—and all this talk is taking up lots of valuable time. And if you want to know exactly what's worrying Harvey Pekar, pick up a copy of *American Splendor*. It's all there in black and white: divorce, being broke, dealing with jerks at work, trying to meet girls, trying to figure out what the fuck life is all about. When you get right down to it, what *isn't* there to worry about these days? Not a whole hell of a lot.

And so, Harvey Pekar worries. Now would you *please* just let the guy alone so he can get something done? And for God's sake, buy his goddamn magazine—befor attics all over Cleveland collapse.

Mike Barson

HM: You've had a wagonload of artists collaborate with you through nine issues of *American Splendor*. How do you determine which artist should do which story?

HP: I try to work with the strengths of each illustrator, and in that way minimize their weaknesses. I'm gradually learning who can do what best, and why. However, keep in mind that for me, getting out an issue is always the art of the possible. Sometimes I find myself down to just one or two dependable artists, so I have to try to recruit others, who often are unknown to me. I can't always have a story drawn by the artist who would have been my first choice.

HM: Where did you discover all the young talent that handles the bulk of the art on *AS*? "Off the streets of Cleveland?"

HP: Some of them came from local art schools; others were introduced to me by people who already were working on *AS*. Considering my limited contacts and the lousy money I pay, I think I've been fortunate to find so many fine illustrators. Gary Dumm and Greg Budgett, Gerry Shamray, Sue Cavey, Kevin Brown—they've each got their own unique style.

HM: I must confess, I first picked up an issue of *American Splendor* strictly because of the Crumb art on the cover and inside. He always seems to get the funniest stories to draw.

HP: Crumb is one of the greatest cartoonists of our time, and I know he is capable of finding the means to handle just about any kind of story. I have been thinking of him primarily for the more humorous pieces, but you'll see a major departure in his work in issue number nine. There's a limit to how many pages

Blame it on *The Exorcist*.

Ever since William Peter Blatty's nasty novel made several million dollars back in the early Seventies, the publishing industry has been hip to the fact that there are lots of people out there in book-buying land who will gladly fork over their hard-earned sheckels for the privilege of having the bejeezus scared out of them.

Today, not a week goes by without one or two of these creep-fests appearing in bookstores by the bushel. Now that Steven King has been accepted as the Harold Robbins of horror, the publishing biz can just sit back and let umpteen dozen other writers get sucked up in his jet-stream. That's what happens when a pleasant little genre gets upgraded to a *category*. Category fiction gets its own big racks in B. Daltons, airports, drugstores, and 7-11's. And those racks have to be kept full. Thus, the creation of mucho horror *product*. Most of which is, of course, quite horrible.

Take **William Peter Blatty**'s ***Legion***. Please. Launched by its hardcover publisher as if it were the second coming of *Carrie*, it turns out simply to be the second coming of . . . but that would be telling. Why not run out and buy the paperback (Pocket Books) and ruin your day on your own? Suffice it to say that this book might've been subtitled *The Exorcist II*, except that the movie by that name already ruined the market for that title. To be absolutely fair, there are a few good ideas buried in the midst of Blatty's ridiculously overripe prose—and one scene good for a buzz on the old boo-box—but let's just hope that Blatty doesn't have to cook up an *Exorcist III* ten years from now to pay the rent.

Marginally better is **James Herbert**'s ***Shrine*** (Signet), which takes 458 pages to tell a 158-page story. If wading through those 300 unnecessary pages doesn't bother you—and for $3.95, some people might consider that getting their money's worth—then this overinflated account of a young girl's possession (yes, again) by a witch from the middle ages might please. Not only is Herbert, a British writer, tone-deaf when it comes to style, but he

Crumb has the time to do for *me*, but I'm happy with every piece he's done.

HM: You can see that he really has an understanding of you and what you're trying to accomplish.

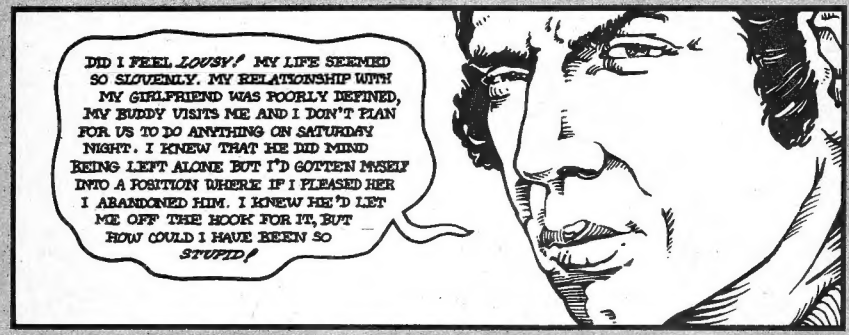
HP: Yeah, he does have a real good understanding of my stories; in fact, he's the only artist that I feel comfortable working with over the phone and through the mail. All the other illustrators I use have to keep your costs down to rock-bottom—one printer for the covers, one to shoot the negatives, one to print the interiors, and a bindery to put the whole thing together. And it's up to me to see that everything gets done, and done right. I actually drive the covets over to the bindery in a station wagon once they're printed—that's 10,000 covers.

HM: Do you ever wish that someone else

HM: It must have been a heck of a correspondence.

HP: The thing that really set it off was when she asked me—I think it was in her second letter—"How can I tell if I'm a member of the working class or not?" That provoked a long answer from me, and the rest just went from there.

HM: And so you whisked her away to Cleveland. Have you lived there all your


DID I FEEL *LOUSY!* MY LIFE SEEMED SO SLOVENLY. MY RELATIONSHIP WITH MY GIRLFRIEND WAS POORLY DEFINED, MY BUDDY VISITS ME AND I DON'T PLAN FOR US TO DO ANYTHING ON SATURDAY NIGHT. I KNEW THAT HE DID MIND BEING LEFT ALONE BUT I'D GOTTEN MYSELF INTO A POSITION WHERE IF I PLEASED HER I ABANDONED HIM. I KNEW HE'D LET ME OFF THE HOOK FOR IT, BUT HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO *STUPID!*

Harvey Pekar as depicted in American Splendor *#9 by Kevin Brown,*

live in the Cleveland area. Crumb gave me a great deal of help early in my career as a comic book writer. The first story I ever published, "Crazy Ed," was illustrated by him and printed in his book, *The People's Comics* in 1972. Crumb also turned Willie Murphy on to me, which led to Willie illustrating three of my stories for his *Flamed Out Funnies* #1.

HM: I probably read those stories and never realized who this "Harvey Pekar" dude was. I'd assumed that *AS* was the start.

HP: Yeah, I was in several mags before *AS* got started—*Snarf*, Marvel's *Comix Book*, and an issue of *Bizarre Sex*, in which I had the lead story, "How'd You Get into This Bizness, Ennyway?"—it was about a gang bang. So, you could say that my style was established by the time *AS* began.

HM: Writing a story is hard enough, but you took on the additional headaches of the editor and publisher when you decided to put out *American Splendor* by yourself.

HP: It's difficult from beginning to end. I have four different people printing the book—which is what happens when you was handling the publishing end of things, so you could just concentrate on the writing?

HP: I *would* like for someone else to publish *AS*. And I'd like to have it distributed better. It would be *especially* nice not to lose money on it all the time; then I could afford to pay my illustrators more, which in turn would make it easier to get work from them on time. But I've been aware for a long time that *AS* was never going to be that popular, and that I was letting myself in for a heap of aggravation by publishing it myself. Even so, my life has been greatly enriched since I began the book.

HM: You met your new wife through *AS*, didn't you?

HP: Yeah, she was part-owner of a comic-book store in Delaware that carried my book, and she had to write me to get an extra copy of number six when her own copy accidentally was sold. We began corresponding, and after about a million letters, a zillion hours of long distance phone calls, and several plane trips, we were married. She makes a brief apperance in *AS* number nine, but she's a big star in number ten, so you'll get to meet her then.

life? By now, Cleveland has assumed the role of the second most-important character in your stories.

HP: All my life, yeah. I was born in the Mt. Pleasant section of Cleveland's east side at a time when it still had a large Jewish and Italian population, but was in the process of becoming part of the black ghetto. The neighborhood I live in now—the Coventry section of Cleveland Heights—has a great mixture of people from different social classes and ethnic backgrounds. Everyone gets along surprisingly well; it's terrific!

HM: What do you think *AS* offers that mainstream comic books do not?

HP: Most comic book fans prefer fantasy. I'm a realistic writer: I try to push people's faces into their own lives, try to get them to realize how much drama and heroism and even humor there is in the life of the so-called average person. American Splendor does not offer escapism, which is what I think most comic book fans are looking for.

(For a copy of American Splendor *#9, send $2.75 to Harvey Pekar, Box 18471, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118. Issues two through eight are also available, at $1.50 to $2.75.)*

places the horror high-point way too early in the book, leaving lots of anticlimactic "big" scenes to start you snoring. *Shrine*, however, does not qualify as a bad book—just a mediocre one that should have gone on a diet. Herbert, incidentally, has built his career on horror, and has eight other novels to his credit (including *The Fog*, filmed by John Carpenter). If *Shrine* were filmed with all scenes intact, it would run about nine hours. 'Nuff said.

Speaking of films, the very hot **Chelsea Quinn Yarbro** has been commissioned to novelize a screenplay for something called ***Nomads*** (Bantam). Being shorter than *Shrine* doesn't help this turkey—but it allows *you* to finish it that much sooner and get on with your life. The female protagonist, a doctor who is deja-vuing a dead man's experiences, "finds herself in a nightmare from which there is no escape," the cover copy tells us. I escaped by tossing it across the room. Yarbro, who had a million-seller with *Dead and Buried* a few years back, would be doing herself a favor by not cranking out novelizations of other people's lousy screenplays.

To move from the abominable to the almost-good, there is **Whitley Streiber**'s ***Night Church*** (Pocket Books), which offers the charming premise that a church in Queens has been sublet to a cult of devil worshippers. The premises in Streiber's other horror novels—*Wolfen*, *The Hunger*, *Black Magic*—were also swell, but, like Stephen King, Streiber never quite manages to come up with finishes worthy of his beginnings. (Think about the first half of *The Shining*. Then think about the second half. Pity, wot?) Still, *Night Church* moves along briskly and, more importantly, actually offers some good chills along the way. My favorite moment: a two-page description of what it feels like to die from bubonic plague while interred in a coffin.

Even better is a first novel by **T.E.D. Klein** entitled ***The Ceremonies*** (Viking). It seems ungenerous to complain again, of a weak ending, but the rest of this book is so *good* that the hurried conclusion is a double shame. This tale

Ceremonial author T.E.D. Klein.

owes a good deal to Lovecraft's Cthulhu mythos, as well as the stories of Arthur Machen; but its real charm is having the nerdiest hero and the most original—and nasty—villain since Ed Gein reupholstered his living room with human skin. This book is having the hell promoted out of it by the publisher, which means it's probably going to be a hit. Whether Klein can come up with a second book of this quality remains to be seen, but one can hope. He is one of the few people in the genre who knows how to write a decent sex scene.

Which brings us to **Ramsey Campbell**'s ***The Face That Must Die*** (Scream/Press). Campbell has been around since 1964, when Arkham House published the first of three short story collections. We also know him from the fine anthologies he has edited, *New Terrors* and *The Far Reaches of Fear*—and he has not been too shy to include one of his own works in each collection. Which is all to the good, because Campbell is a *writer*, perhaps the only member of the current group, who is certain to be celebrated fifty years from now. (You don't *really* think anyone will be reading *Clea* even *five* years from now, do you?) *The Face That Must Die* is a restored version of the earlier, expurgated novel; I don't know what the first version looked like, but this one is a *pisser*. Told from multiple points-of-view, *Face*'s strongest moments come from our visits into the head of a guy who is totally, homicidally looney-tunes. There's nothing supernatural here; just plain, old-fashioned psychopathic horror. Some fine characterizations, rendered economically, and a lovely sense of England circa 1972, provide a counterpoint to the creepy stuff. It's also worth noting that Scream/Press has published *Face* on very nice paper, and added a bunch of full-page illustrations, which have a bit of merit of their own. And Campbell's introduction to the book is a model of what such things should be.

—Michael S. Barson

(Scream/Press: P.O. Box 8531, Santa Cruz, CA 95061)

BOOK BASH

The problem with most fantasy novels is that their authors can't *write*. So you get bad fantasy *and* bad novels. Let's get our priorities straight, okay? *First* you learn to write, *then* you come up with some neat ideas.

Riders of the Sidhe (Bantam)—pronounced "shee" as in "shee-*it*!"—is **Kenneth C. Flint**'s daring exposé of the ancient Celtic gods, villains, and heroes as Men from Outer Space. It's Martians 1, Mythology 0, as a bunch of lovable characters help a lad become a man and save the world. You can tell everyone apart because they all talk differently and have different-colored hair. No one in bad fantasy novels ever has a personality—they settle for Character Traits.

Middle America popular culture comes to Elfland in **Robert Asprin**'s fourth Spiegel Catalog of fantasy fun from Starblaze Funny-Looking Books. ***Hit or Myth*** (get it??) proves that "terminal cuteness" is not just an expression: these lovable rogues and bumbling magicians could send anyone into insulin shock, while Asprin's sparkling contemporary dialogue could get him a job scriptwriting for "Three's Company." Clichés here range from the offensive to the dated. But people love this stuff. People also eat frozen fishsticks.

The Sleeping Dragon, by **Joel Rosenberg** (Signet), at least has the decency to be naive about its relentless lovableness. You can lean back and watch as stock characters from Anytown State U. are sent into their own Dungeons & Dragons universe, where they get to work out their personality problems. There's a cripple, a Jew, a . . . I just couldn't put it down; it sped me along on greased

20/20 Haynes-Sight

A whole generation of artists, punks, non-conformists and poseurs have evolved (or devolved) into these stylishly alienated eighties, totally unaware of the influence that characters like American expatriate **Jim Haynes** have had on contemporary culture, and hence their lives. A pioneer on the Edinburgh, London, Amsterdam, and Paris art scenes for twenty-seven years, he embodies the libertarian concept of "think global; act local." Haynes had a creative hand in the avant-garde theater, underground films, alternative newspapers, happenings and sexual politics that electrified the "Swinging Sixties."

Testament to Haynes's karmic impact on our global *hipoisie!* intelligentsia/demi-monde is his recently published autobiography, ***Thanks For Coming!*** (Faber & Faber). Dedicated to over 3,000 of Haynes's friends and bedmates—including Germaine Greer, John Lennon, David Bowie, Dick Gregory, Buckminster Fuller and Xaviera Hollander—the book's a compulsively readable flashback on a life spent outside the conventional boundaries of art, behavior and commerce.

Haynes and I met one evening during his annual visit to N.Y.C. and discussed his past, present, and future projects; long-time concerns, and how it feels (at fifty) after fighting in the trenches against dominant culture for over two decades. Nonchalant and unpretentious, he looks ten years younger than his age, and speaks in a soft drawl that is half-Louisiana (where he was born), and half-indeterminate Western Europe.

"The belief behind everything I do is that people should be brought together, and we have to create environments and situations to bring them together." Haynes started in Edinburgh in 1959 by opening Britain's first paperback bookshop, stocking "obscene" books like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the works of Henry Miller—who was then still banned in the U.S. People's enthusiasm for the readings held there, coupled with a desire "to create platforms or mediums for kindred spirits to transmit information about what we had discovered to others" spurred Haynes to form the Traverse Theater Club, where he produced and staged plays by Brecht, Beckett, and Pinter years before they were seen by mainstream audiences. In 1962, Haynes also co-organized the first International Writer's Conference at that renowned gathering of the cultural tribes, the Edinburgh Festival. Among others, Haynes invited Norman Mailer, Mary McCarthy and William Burroughs to speak. When his energies outgrew Edinburgh, Haynes moved to London and started a Traverse Theater Company there, staging Joe Orton's *Loot*, Kenneth Anger and Andy Warhol film festivals, and Yoko Ono's first in a long line of happenings.

"The style in the sixties was the most revolutionary attitudinal statement made—as far as I know—since we've been on the planet, and that's 'do your own thing: accept and respect everyone else's right to do theirs. . . .' I think that I got caught up in, and maybe even contributed, to certain philosophical rumblings that made life for me, and for others, exciting and fun." Ever in search of "social animation," he resigned from the Traverse and founded the alternative newspaper *International Times* (*IT*), just when that parafictional fantasy—sixties reality—burst into psychedelic London bloom. Pink Floyd played and projected slides at *IT*'s launch party; The Soft Machine motorcycled around the stage at the start of their set. Guests included Paul McCartney disguised as an Arab, Michaelangelo Antonioni, and 2500 others. *IT* became *the* counter-cultural Bible, and was also a prototype for the now-ubiquitous listings magazine format.

BOOK BASH *continued*

runners of predictable liberal Rightthink.

Damiano and ***Damiano's Lute*** (Bantam) are a bitch to criticize. **R.A. MacAvoy**'s paragraphs are *so* good you'd like to forgive her chapters anything. The third and final volume of this fantasy of Renaissance Italy may just pay for all—but the first two novels have a real pacing problem. No sense of overall anticipation moves the action forward from one nicely-written episode to the next. People—real ones, at least—wander around, and things happen to them. But the author's manipulating hand is everywhere—there's none of the rolling inevitability that marks a well-told tale. Art should imitate, not emulate, life.

Damon Knight also has no apologies to make for the prose of ***The Man in the Tree*** (Berkley). The first 9/10ths of the novel are a riveting, Sturgeonesque story of a boy who grows to be a *giant* in 1950s America. The people he meets, especially in the carnival sideshow world, are vividly drawn. In the last thirty pages it turns out the guy is Jesus Christ and the whole book goes to hell. There should be a special circle of inferno reserved for people who simplify complex theological philosophy to the level of hot-tub rhetoric, with a little corner just for novelists who preach.

Reading any of the "Tomoe Gozen" novels is just like watching a kinky Japanese Samurai movie with badly-translated subtitles. The language, including awkwardly-inserted expository lumps, is so stilted that it's hard to believe English is **Jessica Amanda Salmonson**'s first language, swallowing up any virtues ***Thousand Shrine Warrior*** (Ace) and its mates may possess.

If **Arthur W. Saha** is right about ***The Year's Best Fantasy Stories: 9***, (DAW) then it was lean year. Saha is of the old school that leans heavily to icky-cute, light modern stuff. Stories by soppy sentimental manipulators Parke Godwin and Harlan Ellison occupy the starring front and back positions. All the other choices are good clean fun, except for Michael Shea's "The Horror on the #33," which is an electrifying work of imagination, wit, and erudition that makes everyone else there look as though they *deserve* to be writing for three cents a word.

The Good News for the year (and, one hopes, for years to come) is Tempo's new "MagicQuest" line of junior fantasy reprints. What makes a book "junior" is usually brevity and a protagonist under sixteen. This is no excuse to shun any of them. The incomparable **Peter Dickerson**'s ***Tulku*** deals in complexities of mind and spirit that Stephen Donaldson doesn't even know exist. *Tulku*'s unforgettable characters feature an English music-hall-beauty-turned-botanist, a Royal Dragoon-turned-Tibetan-monk, and a missionary's young son who needs to learn tolerance (*before* he can Become a Man—not too much of that here, thank God).

The Perilous Gard is **Elizabeth Marie Pope**'s irresistibly blithe sortie into Elizabethan ballads, love, and honor. Her tough and sensible heroine has to rescue a sexily self-destructive young nobleman from the ancient race of people hiding underground called "fairies." There's not an unoriginal note in this whole work—plenty of "adult" bumblers have trivialized this concept; Pope redeems it. Ignore the pretty but inaccurate cover.

The weakest of the first four MagicQuest offerings is **Paul R. Fisher**'s ***The Ash Staff***: it's Babes in Tolkeinland, a nice, orthodox magic-sword-and-quest story with appealing young characters.

The renowned **Patricia McKillip**'s early work, ***The Throne of the Errill of Sherrill***, is bulked out with beautiful new elaborate borders and illustrations by Judith Mitchell. McKillip completists shouldn't miss this light, lyrical fairy tale, which has been out of print for too long.

—Penthesileia

IT's success notwithstanding, Haynes itched to create a multi-media arts space, "where people could perform whatever they wanted to, where they could try out new ideas or even fail; where they could shake off, relax, and come together." He chanced upon a derelict Covent Garden warehouse, and with like-minded friends, created the Arts Lab. A cinema-theater-space-dance-studio, video-workshop, restaurant, art-gallery, crash-pad etc. that drew thousands of people to view each other's projects, to rehearse for free, to participate in happenings, and to become friends with Jim Haynes.

"It was like an enormous party night after night," he says, and it sounds like one indeed, what with John and Yoko, Mama Cass, James Baldwin, and R.D. Laing hanging out, performing, and eating dinner into the early morning.

Closed after two years due to financial trouble, the demise of the Arts Lab freed Haynes to pursue his great spiritual project: sexual liberation. "My drug of choice has always, only been sex," he explains with a shrug. (A serene survivor of sixties sensory overload, he drinks neither coffee nor alcohol; does not smoke or do drugs.) To continue his campaign against sexual confusion and guilt Haynes started *Suck*, "the first European sexpaper," in 1969, along with collaborators like feminist superstar Germaine Greer. "We wanted to enlighten people about sexuality in all its aspects, to demystify it through educational and amusing homosexual, heterosexual, and pansexual articles and graphics." Under the motto, "*Suck* turns words into flesh," the paper printed a gay guide to Europe, how-to's on giving ace blow jobs, and articles like "Women Need Whorehouses," and "S & M Software." Published in Amsterdam but immediately banned in the U.K., *Suck* brought Scotland Yard to Haynes's door and became instant cult literature on the Continent.

Amsterdam set the scene for further celebration and demystification of sexuality. Haynes organized the world's first erotica film fest there: The International Wet Dream Film Festival. This infamous event sold out two years in a row, cutting a swath for popular acceptance of sexually explicit films that were not pornographic nor exploitative. One year, ticket holders were treated to a five hour North Sea cruise, complete with chamber orchestra, "love room" filled with water beds and potted palms, and food for everyone. "It's a fact that sexual expression is no longer subject to the taboos it once was," Haynes stresses. "It's okay to write about sex, to do it, talk about it, whatever. And today, movies are shown in mainstream cinemas that would have put people in prison for ten years during the sixties."

Haynes was lured away from Amsterdam in late 1969 to assume a visiting professorship at the (what else?) new and experimental branch of the University of Paris. As to his curriculum and methods, he says, "I teach Media and Sexual Politics and try to inflict as little damage as possible on my students . . . in fourteen years, I haven't failed anyone!" Besides teaching, Haynes spent the seventies writing, publishing, and distributing books, and, with fellow Citizen of the World Gary Davis, producing—in seven languages—*World Passports*. Challenging the world's immigration authorities, however, involved a certain degree of risk. When the French police warned him that if he continued he'd be deported, he had no choice but to stop.

So what does this veteran counter-cultural enzyme have to say to those of us, who—in these callous, material-oriented eighties—sometimes yearn for a revolutionary time and spirit we never lived?

"Most of the people I knew then felt it was possible to build Utopia in our lifetime. And, at the end of the sixties, it was revealed that it was not going to happen. For some, disenchantment and cynicism followed. But others—many, many others—realized that we could each build it for ourselves. How? By living our ideals. By banishing fear of the other, fear of the unknown, and instead, sharing our lives fully with everyone . . . I'm a *now* person, always thinking about what and where my energies should be placed *now* . . . there's no such thing as going backward, you know. Just go ahead and do what you have to do!"

As the saying goes, "Better dead than mellow," and Haynes's manner bears none of the earmarks of an ex-hippie on permanent spin-cycle. When I ask where his head is at now, he ventures, "I'm a neo-romantic." Currently at work on a book which explores traditional romantic ideals and their various philosophically/morally/behaviorally elitist reverberations, Haynes is zeroing in or our society's prevailing greeting card-esque mentality, wherein we search for and hope to find a life-mate—an idealized "better-half" who will fulfill all of our needs. "The book is an attack on romanticism and what I call *couple attitudes*, because these habits limit us from thinking, living, and loving as freely as we could. Romanticism is a villain, and yet almost no one questions it," he argues with a smile.

After all this talk about living in the neo-romantic now, I mention to Haynes that Buddha, when asked to sum up the experience of his life and thought, simply replied, "Now." It seems appropriate to try posing the same question to Haynes before turning off the tape recorder, since he obviously knows a thing or two about the nature of experience.

A thirty-second pause follows, then laughter, as he looks me straight in the eye and exclaims . . . "Wow!"

—Kyle Roderick

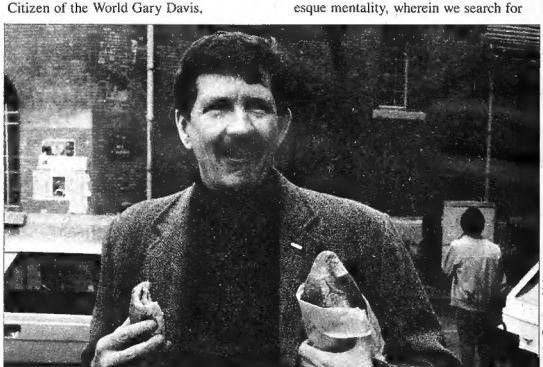


Photo by Goldana Matesevic

***Jim Haynes dining* al fresco.**

NAHALLYWOOD

"I really like being on this lot," says producer **Jonathan Taplin** of ***Mean Streets***, ***The Last Waltz***, and ***Under Fire*** fame. "This is a studio that really supports filmmakers. They've had some rough times recently but, all in all, they really know what they're doing."

The studio in question is Disney, where Taplin is launching two productions, both of the science-fiction/fantasy genre, ***Baby*** and ***My Science Project***, via Disney's new Touchstone banner (responsible for last year's *Splash*).

Probably no other film outfit in existence has influenced widescreen wonder more than Disney, both in live action and animation. A casual glance at their releases from the 1930s to the 1960s looks like a fantasy's Greatest Hits package—*Fantasia*, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, *Pinocchio*, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*, *The Absent-Minded Professor*, and *Mary Poppins*

Following the death of guiding light Walt Disney in 1966, the studio seemed to flounder a bit. For a while their films were rejected by their youthful audience—deemed "too juvenile" by the Lipper-than-thou crowd who saw *Bambi* as a direct threat to the future of *Fritz the Cat*. Studio heads, in turn, did their damnedest to lure those defecting Disneyites back to the fold, watering down the studio's sense of artistic integrity in the process, before losing all direction during the late 1970s and early 1980s with such wrong-headed wonders as *The Black Hole*, *The Watcher in the Woods*, and *Tron*

Now, however, in spite of various financial squabbles, the Disney machine seems back on the right track, deftly mixing out-and-out animated nostalgia with a sense of adventuresome fantasy The last year and a half has seen the release of *Never Cry Wolf* and *Splash* as well as the fully animated short *Mickey's Christmas Carol*, productions designed to satisfy all Disney fan factions.

The year to come promises more of the same; with films like ***Baby***, ***My Science Project***, ***Oz***, ***The Black Cauldron***, and ***Frankenweenie*** in various stages of completion.

"They're really taking a big chance with us," says producer **Julie Hickson** of her live-action short subject ***Frankenweenie***. "Frankly this is a pretty strange little movie The humor is pretty out there, but the studio is being totally supportive "

Starring Shelley Duvall, Daniel Stern, Paul Bartel, and Barret Oliver, *Frankenweenie* is an off-the-wall homage to the classic 1931 *Frankenstein*. Concocted by director Tim Burton (*Vincent*) and writer Lenny Ripps, it's the story of a young boy (Oliver) who brings his pet dog, Sparky, back to life after its untimely demise.

"The important thing for us was to design the film so it wouldn't be kinky. The boy wants to bring his dog back because the dog is his heart. He gets the idea for the experiment in Paul Bartel's science class when he sees his teacher making a frog twitch using juice from a battery.

"He figures that, with enough electricity, he can reanimate his pet. So, one night, he sneaks out and digs up his dog and proceeds to try to create life. His experiment is funny, not ghoulish. The little boy's name is Victor Frankenstein We don't play up that fact too much, though. He's a descendant of the original clan but he lives in the suburbs with his parents. His parents, Daniel and Shelley, are more than a little offbeat, however.

"For the experiments, we got all the original Kenneth Strickfaden equipment from the first *Frankenstein* We've modified it slightly so it looks like the little boy put it all together from household items. We have a toaster that blasts out megawatts of light (our Steven Spielberg shot), blenders with jacob's ladders in them and a TV antenna that shoots out sparks.

"When the boy raises his dog through the attic roof during a thunderstorm, it's on an ironing board. It really looks like the old *Frankenstein* movies. And Barret, when he was in the middle of these scenes, really got weird He started moving around in a stiff, jerky manner. He looks like a mad scientist. He looks like a scaled-down Colin Clive. When we were finished filming the lightning storm stuff, everyone on the set applauded.

"In the movie, the experiments work. He does bring his dog back to life, although the dog isn't quite right. He looks like a stuffed animal with bad stitching.

"There are two really exciting aspects of this movie, for me. One, that we thought of it in the first place. Two, that we're actually being allowed to make it!"

Frankenweenie will be out this Christmas (on a double bill with *Pinocchio*). Also on tap this holiday season will be *Baby*, producer Jonathan Taplin's first Disney adventure. Directed by B.W.L. Norton (*Cisco Pike*) from a screenplay by Chfford and Ellen Green, it's the tale of a young American couple (William Katt and Sean Young) who discover a baby brontosaurus alive and well and living in an uncharted region of Africa. Out to get his mitts on the diminutive dinosaur is ruthless Patrick McGoohan, who's at his eye-rolling best as a scientist with no sense of honor.

Producer Taplin actually brought his cast and crew, dinosaur family included, to the Ivory Coast in Africa. "It wasn't easy," says Taplin, "but we knew it would be crazy from the outset. Most of the people down there had never seen a film crew before, let alone a film crew which included full-sized dinosaurs. The things that went wrong down there would make several black comedies. We got through it okay, though

"The logistics of moving some of our players were mind-boggling. Ron Tantin and Isidoro Raponi made full scale mechanical models for the movie (ranging in size from seventy-feet-long and twenty-five-feet-high to less than a yard long). They look real and they're great.

"I mean, this is a fantasy but it's very realistic looking. It's been a strange experience for me because I've never done a fantasy before. I approached it as if it was a story that could actually happen. As we got further and further into filming, the plot actually became a reality. Yet the movie has its roots very firmly planted in the early Disney movies. It has the same feel as *Dumbo*, with a heavy dose of crazy adventure thrown in.

"I'm really happy with the way it turned out." So much so that Taplin is launching a second film at the studio, *My Science Project*, written by *The Last Starfighter*'s Jonathan Betuel, who will make his directing debut as well.

"Jonathan would kill me if I gave away the plot," says Taplin. "I guess I can tell you that it's about a time-space warp but radically different than most stories of that type. It's the craziest thing I've ever done. John Stockwell of *Christine* plays the lead. Dennis Hopper is a science teacher who is a total sixties burn-out.

"I have to tell you," says Taplin, "that I'm enjoying my stay here. I'd love to keep working at Disney if they keep on letting me make fun movies. *My Science Project* will have effects that border on the surreal, and everyone on the lot is totally up about that.

"There's an amazing mixture of creativity here. You have guys who have been on this lot forever, plus new people—a lot of whom came in with me—who used to work at ILM and Apogee and all the different effects houses. It's a very nice mix."

Special effects will also play a large

part in *Oz*, the studio's sequel to the classic 1939 *Wizard of Oz*. Originally entitled *Return to Oz* with co-writer (with Gill Dennis) Walter Murch making his directorial debut and Gary Kurtz producing, the movie ran into initial snags because of an escalating budget. Disney was ready to pull out of the project when a compromise was reached. Kurtz was out and Paul Maslansky (*Police Academy*) was brought in to produce. This new power set-up rattled Murch, however, and the movie began to fall behind schedule. Ominous rumblings concerning Murch's abilities to helm the project arose. Like the cavalry coming to the rescue, however, a coven of Murch's old cronies—led by George Lucas and Francis Coppola—descended on the film's London set. Lending both artistic and moral support, they gave Murch a gentle, positive shove down the Yellow Brick Road, and now the path to completion seems production-oriented and pothole-free.

Based on several of author Frank L Baum's *Oz* stories, this new film has Dorothy leaving Kansas for Oz in order to save her old cronies, the Scarecrow, the Cowardly Lion, and the Tin Man from the clutches of the evil Nome King Neither a musical nor a remake, this Christmas 1985 release will feature newcomer Fairuza Balk as Dorothy, Nicol Williamson as both the Nome King of Oz and Kansas resident Dr. Worley, Piper Laurie as Aunt Em, Jean Marsh as both Princess Mombi (a witch with a collection of thirty heads which she models as she sees fit) and oppressive Nurse Wilson, Emma Ridley as Ozma (a tiny Oz native), Michael Sudkin and Peter Elliot as Tik Tok the helpful robot, Brian Henson bringing Jack Pumpkinhead to life, Deep Roy as The Tin Man, John Alexander as The Cowardly Lion, Justin Case as The Scarecrow, and Mac Wilson giving Billina, the talking head, a blabby sense of purpose. Handling the various effects are veterans of such movies as *The Great Muppet Caper*, *Closed Mondays*, *Live and Let Die*, *Superman*, and *2001*.

For animation fans, there is ***The Black Cauldron***, Disney's twenty-fifth full-length animated feature, and one that has been in production for over a decade. Budgeted at twenty-three million dollars, the fantasy-epic is based on a series of five books penned by Lloyd Alexander having their roots in Welsh mythology.

The Black Cauldron will trace the heroic adventures of a young assistant pig-keeper named Taran (the voice of Grant Bardsley) in his attempts to prevent the evil Horned King (John Hurt) from getting his menacing mitts on the black cauldron, a dark and mysterious thingie that would allow the conniving King to raise an army of deathless warriors.

En route to the final battle, Taran is aided by his mentor Dallben (Freddie Jones), a mysterious Princess Eilonwy (Susan Sheridan), a furry critter named Gurgi (John Byner), and Hen Wen, a pig with the ability to see into the future.

The movie promises to be one of the most detailed examples of screen animation in quite a while. For the past decade, it has employed more than two hundred full-time workers, including sixty-eight animators and assistant animators, and will be the first Disney animated movie since 1959's *Sleeping Beauty* to be produced in widescreen 70mm format.

By the time of its completion it will have used 2,519,200 drawings, four hundred gallons of paint (1,165 different hues), over thirty-four miles of film stock and 115,200 animated frames of film. Shot in Dolby Stereo, *The Black Cauldron*, according to producer Joe Hale, will have twice the animation as the usual animated feature "because due to the 70mm format the screen size is twice as big."

In addition to the announced films, there seems to be enough projects on the back burner to keep things buzzing for a while. John Candy, who just about walked away with comedic honors in *Splash*, has been signed to a three-picture producing and development deal. Candy's deal calls for him to develop and executive produce feature screenplays as starring vehicles for himself.

And following the completion of *Frankenweenie*, producer Julie Hickson and director Burton would like to delve into feature work. "There are some amazing craftsmen on this lot and, for the past few years, they haven't gotten too much of a chance to show off their work. They've had a ball on this short. We'd love to work with them again."

Perhaps it's producer Jonathan Taplin who sums up the new feeling on the lot when he says, "The mood here at Disney is one of great potential and anxious excitement. You feel that there is a new chance to do wonderful things here. There is also the sense of tradition, of doing quality stuff that helps keep you on the straight and narrow—yet there's this sense of adventure that allows you to do things that are really crazy."

Uncle Walt, the kind of guy who could leap from *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* to *The Swiss Family Robinson* to *The Shaggy Dog* without batting an eye, would no doubt approve.

—Ed Naha

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The youngest mad scientist in the Frankenstein lineage (Barret Oliver) heads for the lab.

THE METAL PROJECTOR

Move over yogurt, frozen yogurt, and yogurt shake. The latest food craze sweeping the nation is *The Stuff*, an organic fad from the center of the Earth. But wait, a secret agent and a Chocolate Chip mogul learn the truth about the Stuff, and it will share a place in history with Extra Strength Tylenol. A social parody in the form of *The Blob*, *The Stuff* is written, produced, and directed by Larry Cohen of *It's Alive* and *Q*. The cast, including Michael Moriarty (also in *Q*) and Garrett Morris ("Saturday Night Live"), didn't like the Stuff that Cohen concocted for the attack scenes: purees of everything from mashed potato flakes to fire extinguisher foam. Cohen's fussy crew, in fact, dove into the *Hudson* to escape its odor at one point and they demanded rubber underwear to keep it off their skin. Other special effects were designed by Steve Beill (*Ghostbusters*) and Rick Stratton ("V," *Thriller*, and *Star Trek I*). Larry Cohen will tell us the whole story in an upcoming *HM* interview . . . Godzilla's career is taking off again! In his homeland, Godzilla is shooting at Toho Studios, where he battles with both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. fleets, thus leading the world to the brink of World War III. What a part! Meanwhile, back in the U.S., director Steve Miner is filming his *Godzilla* remake with stop-motion animation . . . Sybil Danning has been cast along with Christopher Lee in *The Howling II*, which, we hear, isn't exactly a sequel. Danning plays the Queen of the Transylvanian werewolves, while Lee is out to de-fang the full moon plan for world domination. Danning says she's thrilled to be "the world's first blonde werewolf."... David Lynch's next movie, *Blue Velvet*, will be about a teenage boy and a human ear he finds in the street. When the cops don't tell the kid what's coming off (aside from ears), he decides to play detective and find out what kind of cut-ups are responsible for this slice-of-life situation. You meet the Gettys in the strangest ways. Lynch's *Ronnie Rocket* is expected soon after . . . There's talk of *Psycho III* for next year. Sounds like a crazy brand of dog food . . . Is there life after MTV? John Cougar will follow Prince in the plunge from vinyl to video to celluloid with something called *Cage Rider*. Prince, in fact, had made it clear that if you want him, he wants to direct. And then there's Madonna (the most inappropriately named artist of our time). While she's still hot with her "Borderline" single and video, she's currently being directed by Susan Seidelman (*Smithereens*) as a Hoboken housewife who gets amnesia and goes wild in *Desperately Seeking Susan*. Bear in mind that Seidelman considers reading personal ads a favorite pastime . . . And Sting, it seems, is fixed on a film career. With *Dune* barely in release and *The Bride* in the can, he's already shooting *Plenty* opposite Meryl Streep *herself*. We're trying to picture it. Streep's *really* slumming it; Tracey Ullman, of "They Don't Know About Us" fame, also has a part. Kurt Russell and Cher were nothing . . . Speaking of Sting, two more *Frankenstein* pictures are expected on the heels of *The Bride*, including an updated version of the original by Roger Corman . . . David Bowie has composed the score to John Schlesinger's *Falcon and the Snowman* (the Timothy Hutton/Sean Penn movie) . . . *Under Fire* director Roger Spottiswoode's next film will be a thriller called *FX*, the story of a Hollywood special effects technician who is hired to fake an assassination, but is framed for a real-life murder. Spottiswoode is talking to Kurt Russell and Robin Williams to co-star . . . James Bond director Guy Hamilton will bring the first film version of *The Destroyer* series into production this November. If all goes well, a long-running film series will result about the New York cop cum ultimate assassin . . . And Patrick Macnee has joined Roger Moore, Grace Jones, Tanya Roberts, and Christopher Walken in the James Bond *From a View to a Kill*.

—Steven Maloff and Ed Naha

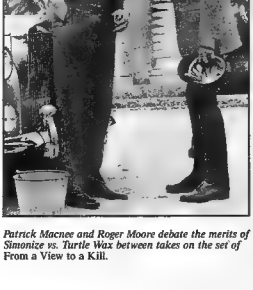

Photo © 1984 Danjaq S.A.

Patrick Macnee and Roger Moore debate the merits of Simonize vs. Turtle Wax between takes on the set of From a View to a Kill.

WE WANT YOUR MONEY

A B C D E Photo by Michael Rechwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50**.
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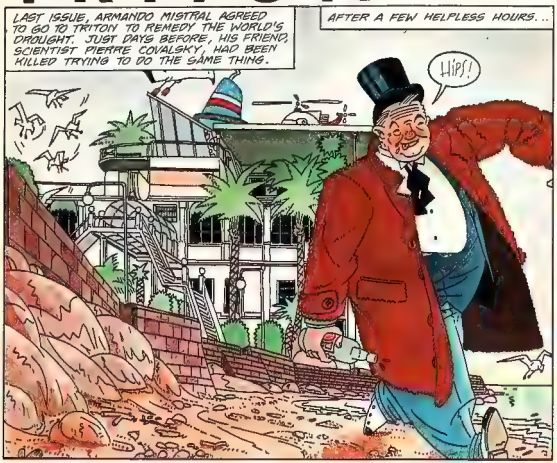
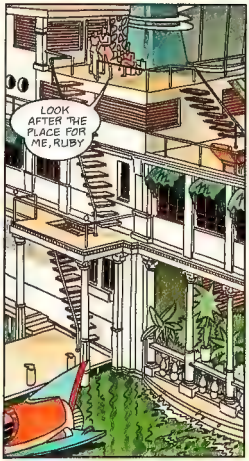
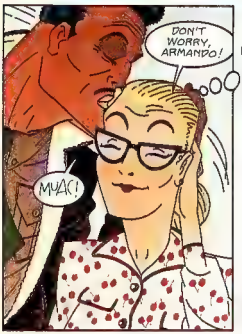
TRITON


LAST ISSUE, ARMANDO MISTRAL AGREED TO GO TO TRITON TO REMEDY THE WORLD'S DROUGHT. JUST DAYS BEFORE, HIS FRIEND, SCIENTIST PIERRE COVALSKY, HAD BEEN KILLED TRYING TO DO THE SAME THING.
AFTER A FEW HELPLESS HOURS...
HIPS!


LOOK AFTER THE PLACE FOR ME, RUBY.

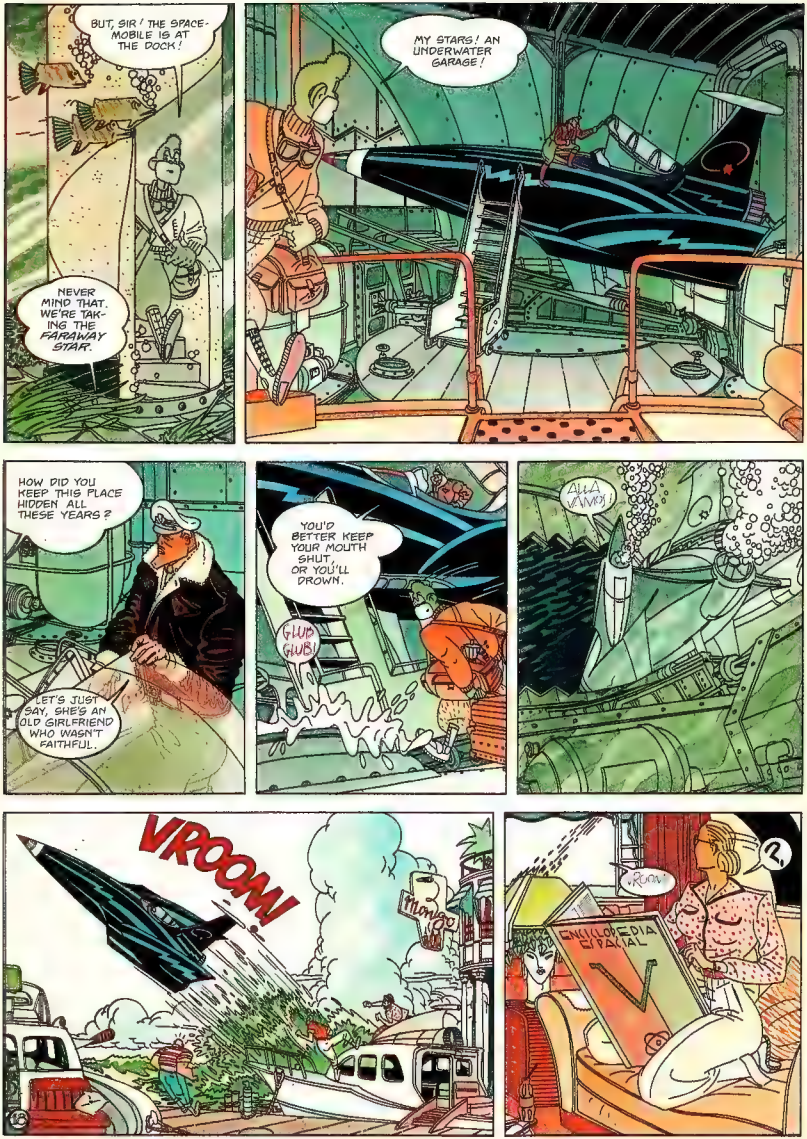

DON'T WORRY, ARMANDO!
MUAC!

...UUIICK!

LOOK AFTER HIM, SAMSON!
LET'S GO, SAMSON!

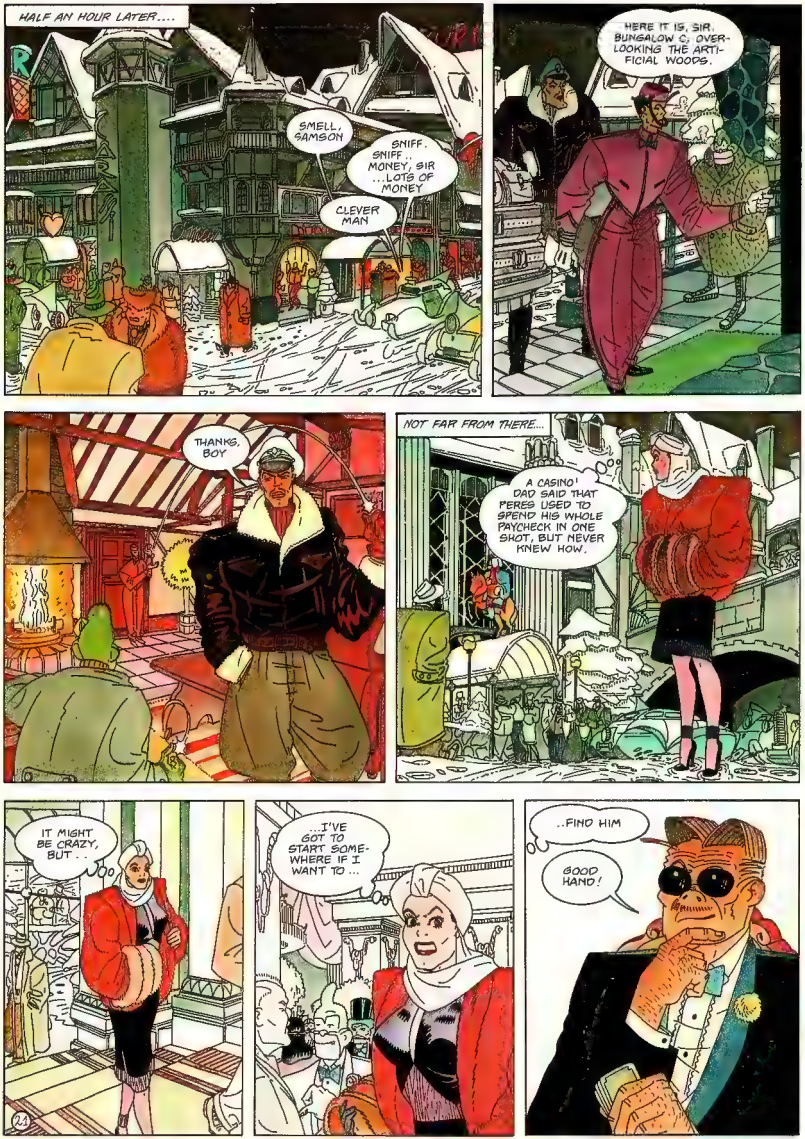
DON'T WORRY, DOLL, I'LL BRING HIM BACK IN ONE PIECE.
17

THIS WAY SAMSON!
WHERE DID THAT DOOR COME FROM?
RRRR


BUT, SIR! THE SPACE-MOBILE IS AT THE DOCK!
NEVER MIND THAT. WE'RE TAKING THE FARAWAY STAR.
MY STARS! AN UNDERWATER GARAGE!
HOW DID YOU KEEP THIS PLACE HIDDEN ALL THESE YEARS?
LET'S JUST SAY, SHE'S AN OLD GIRLFRIEND WHO WASN'T FAITHFUL.
YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, OR YOU'LL DROWN.
GLUB GLUB!
AHA AHA!
VROOOW
THOMOO
VROOM
ENCICLOPEDIA ERACIAL

THERE WERE FOUR SHIPS TRAVELING THROUGH SPACE TOWARDS THE SAME DESTINATION: TRITONIA. MARCEL PERES WAS THE FIRST TO LEAVE, BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHY.
MUNG, A SINISTER NE'ER-DO-WELL, AND HIS MEN, ARE WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING TO FIND OUT WHAT PERES IS UP TO.
WHAT DOES PERES KNOW?
DOES HE KNOW THE CO-ORDINATES?
JILL COVALSKY LEFT RIGHT AFTER HER FATHER'S ASSISTANT.
ARMANDO MISTRAL, ALIAS ROCCO VARGAS, A BIT MORE RETICENT THAN THE OTHERS, WAS TRAVELING WITH HIS HAPPY-GO-LUCKY SIDEKICK, SAMSON.
COFFEE, SAMSON, COFFEE.
19

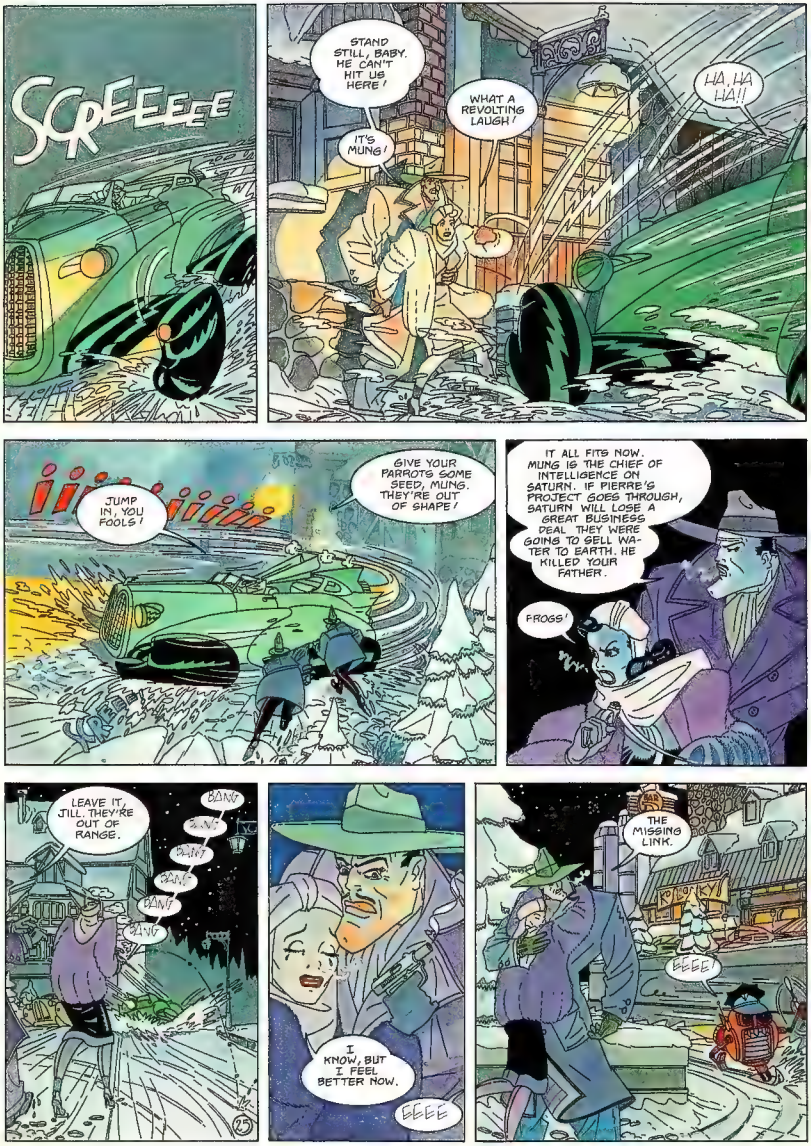
AFTER 12 LONG DAYS IN SPACE, THEY ALL ARRIVE ON THE LAST INHABITED CITY IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM
TRITONIA, SAMSON!
FIU
CONTROL TOWER, PLEASE GIVE ME THE POSITION OF THE SHED RESERVED UNDER THE NAME OF MISTRAL.
OK


HALF AN HOUR LATER....
SMELL, SAMSON
SNIFF. SNIFF. MONEY, SIR ...LOTS OF MONEY
CLEVER MAN
HERE IT IS, SIR. BUNGALOW C, OVER-LOOKING THE ARTI-FICIAL WOODS.
THANKS, BOY
NOT FAR FROM THERE...
A CASINO! DAD SAID THAT FERG USED TO SPEND HIS WHOLE PAYCHECK IN ONE SHOT, BUT NEVER KNEW HOW.
IT MIGHT BE CRAZY, BUT...
..I'VE GOT TO START SOME-WHERE IF I WANT TO ...
..FIND HIM
GOOD HAND!

MARCEL? IT'S ME... JILL CO.
HIYA, JILL. TRYING YOUR LUCK AT THE TABLES?
LEAVE ALL THIS FOR A MOMENT. WE MUST TALK.
DO YOU THINK I CAN EVEN THINK ABOUT SCIENCE WITH ALL THIS GREEN STUFF IN MY PALM?
YOU WORKED WITH DAD! YOU MUST KNOW ABOUT HIS PLANS FOR TRITON.
HERE? DID HE GAMBLE, TOO?
YOU MONSTER! I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU WOULD HAVE LEARNED HOW TO BE A MAN FROM MY FATHER!
HEY! CALM DOWN!
LET GO OF ME, YOU APE!
OUT YOU GO!
IT'S HOPELESS. EARTH DESERVES WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO IT.
CARRY ON! I'LL GET THE TURBO-SLED.
22

WILL THIS COST A LOT, SIR?
YOU CAN SAY 'SO LONG' TO MY LAST NOVEL'S RESIDUALS.
START MAKING SOME MORE COFFEE. I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR THE GIRL.
I'LL START WITH THE CASINOS
BRONX
JILL!
YOU DID COME!
GNNT!
FIIT!
WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE, YOU PARROT!

CRAK
THIS IS FOR PIERRE!
KROOUUMMM
ROCCO VARGAS! THE FUN STARTS NOW!
ACH!
THUD!
24
ROCCO .. I WAS SO FRIGHTENED. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU
YOU SEEM TO MANAGE OKAY ON YOUR OWN, BABY!
LOOK OUT!


SCREEEEEE
STAND STILL, BABY. HE CAN'T HIT US HERE!
IT'S MUNG!
WHAT A REVOLTING LAUGH!
HA, HA HA!!
JUMP IN, YOU FOOLS!
GIVE YOUR PARROTS SOME SEED, MUNG. THEY'RE OUT OF SHAPE!
IT ALL FITS NOW. MUNG IS THE CHIEF OF INTELLIGENCE ON SATURN. IF PIERRE'S PROJECT GOES THROUGH, SATURN WILL LOSE A GREAT BUSINESS DEAL THEY WERE GOING TO SELL WATER TO EARTH. HE KILLED YOUR FATHER.
FROGS!
LEAVE IT, JILL. THEY'RE OUT OF RANGE.
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
I KNOW, BUT I FEEL BETTER NOW.
EEEE
THE MISSING LINK.
BAR
KLOKY
BEEE!

LISTEN, MISS, IF YOU WANT TO DO SOME TARGET PRACTICE, THERE ARE BETTER PLACES THAN THIS. AND IF YOU WANT TO KILL SOMEBODY, YOU'LL HAVE TO FILL OUT FORM NUMBER
HERE, BUDDY. HAVE SOME OIL ON US!
THANK YOU.
LET'S GO TO MY BUNGALOW AND YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT YOU FOUND OUT.
COME IN, JILL.
COFFEE, SAMSON!
LATER....
ANOTHER ONE
HOW'S YOUR LUCK, FRIEND?
SHITTY! I'VE EVEN LOST MY TICKET HOME.
TOO BAD! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. I'LL GIVE YOU 10,000 GALACTIC CREDITS IF YOU DO ME A FAVOR.
ANYTHING!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, AND DON'T MAKE A FUSS.
26

HOW MUCH DOES JILL COVALSKY KNOW ABOUT HER FATHER'S PROJECT?
I DON'T KNOW. I HADN'T WORKED WITH THE OLD MAN LATELY.
CABARET
CATINO
FIND OUT THEM.
WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
ONE MORE QUESTION, AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE THE MONEY. SHE'S AT THE IGLOO MOTEL, BUNGALOW C. NOW MOVE IT!
TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, I'M SURE PERES ONLY CAME HERE TO GAMBLE.
HE WAS OUR LAST HOPE. I WAS SURE HE'D KNOW THE COORDINATES.
iGLO
THE SATURNIANS HAVE TIME ON THEIR SIDE. WHEN WINTER COMES, THERE WILL BE NO WAY TO ENTER TRITON. THERE ARE ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT.
ONLY A FEW DAYS...
OF COURSE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
?
TO BE CONTINUED

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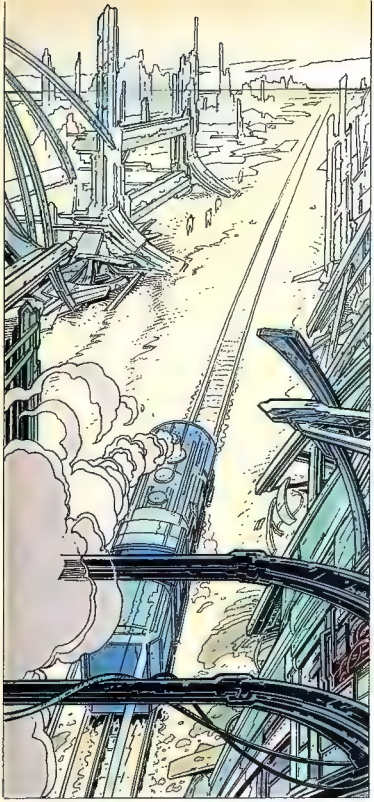
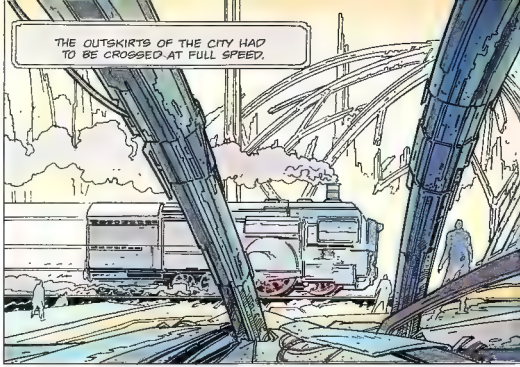
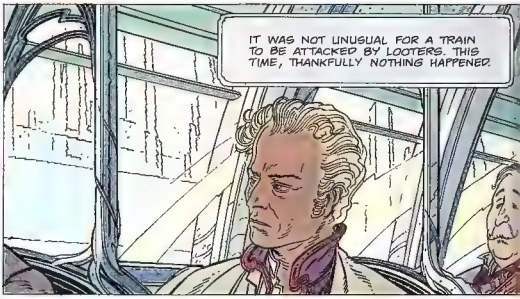
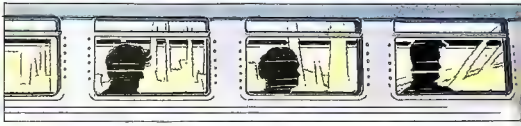
LAST WE READ, FRANZ WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR SAMARIS.
THE DAY HAD COME. I HAD PUT MY THINGS IN ORDER AND PACKED MY SUITCASES.
THE WALLS OF SAMARIS
by Schuiten
MY FRIENDS ACCOMPANIED ME TO CENTRAL. THEIR ATTITUDE HAD CHANGED COMPLETELY ONCE THEY SAW HOW FIXED I WAS ON GOING.
ANNA WAS INFLEXIBLE. SHE REFUSED TO COME WITH US.
WELL, FRANZ, HAVE A TERRIFIC TRIP.
SEE YOU SOON!
YOU ARE DOING THE RIGHT THING.
NE PAS!
THE ATMOSPHERE IN XYSTHOS IS SO OPPRESSIVE.

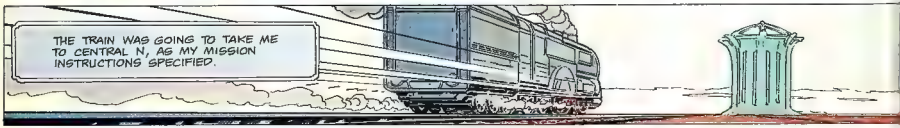
WE SOON ARRIVED IN FRONT OF DOOR B. THE FRONTIER COULD ONLY BE CROSSED ON FOOT. MY JOURNEY WAS REALLY BEGINNING.
THIS IS WHERE WE PART....
GOOD BYE, FRANZ, AND GOOD LUCK.
EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER.
THANK YOU.

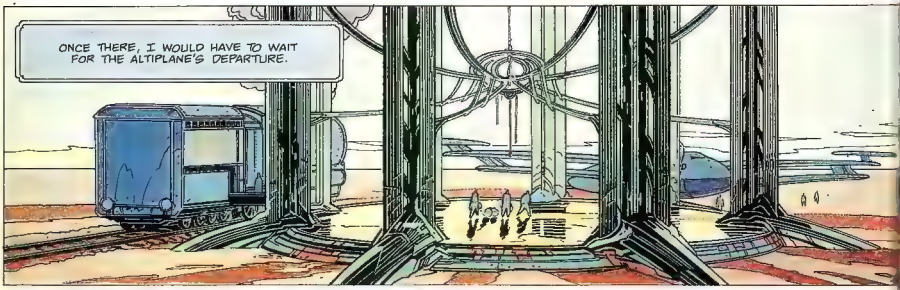


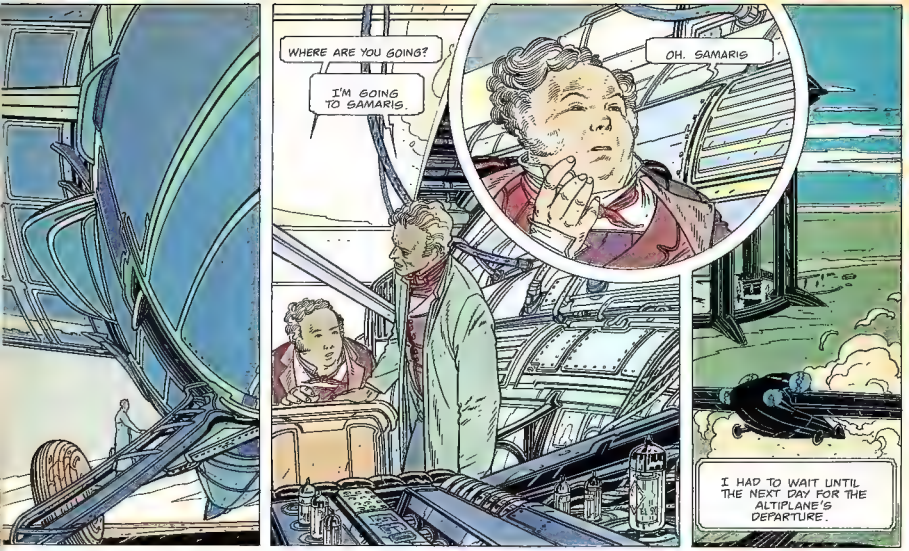

THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY HAD TO BE CROSSED AT FULL SPEED.

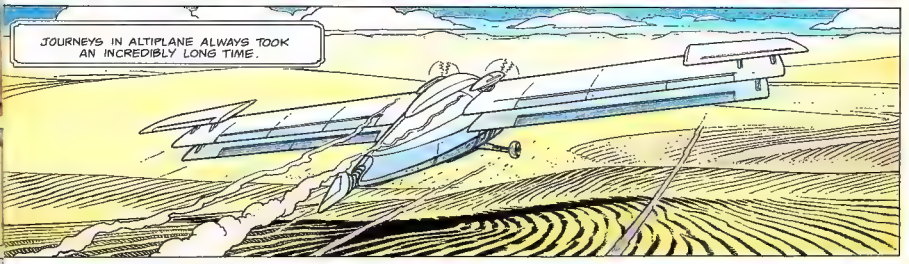

IT WAS NOT UNUSUAL FOR A TRAIN TO BE ATTACKED BY LOOTERS. THIS TIME, THANKFULLY NOTHING HAPPENED.

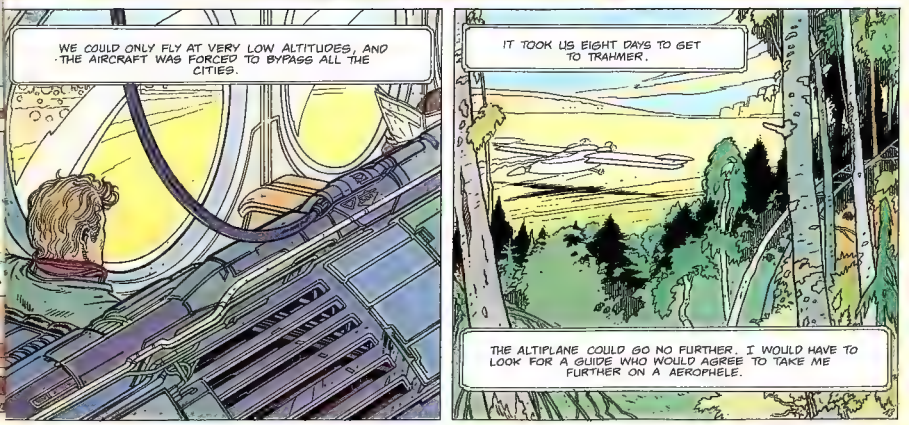


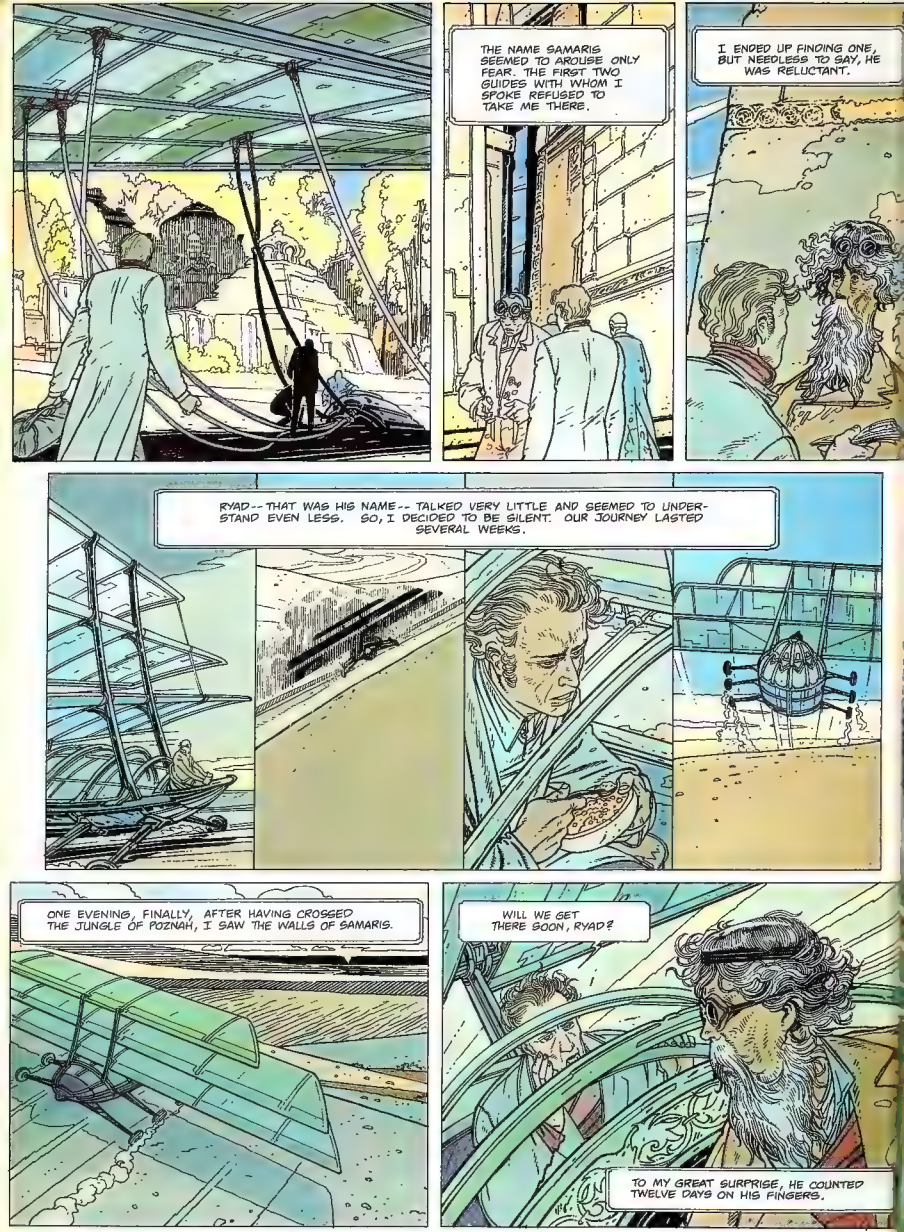

THE TRAIN WAS GOING TO TAKE ME TO CENTRAL N, AS MY MISSION INSTRUCTIONS SPECIFIED.

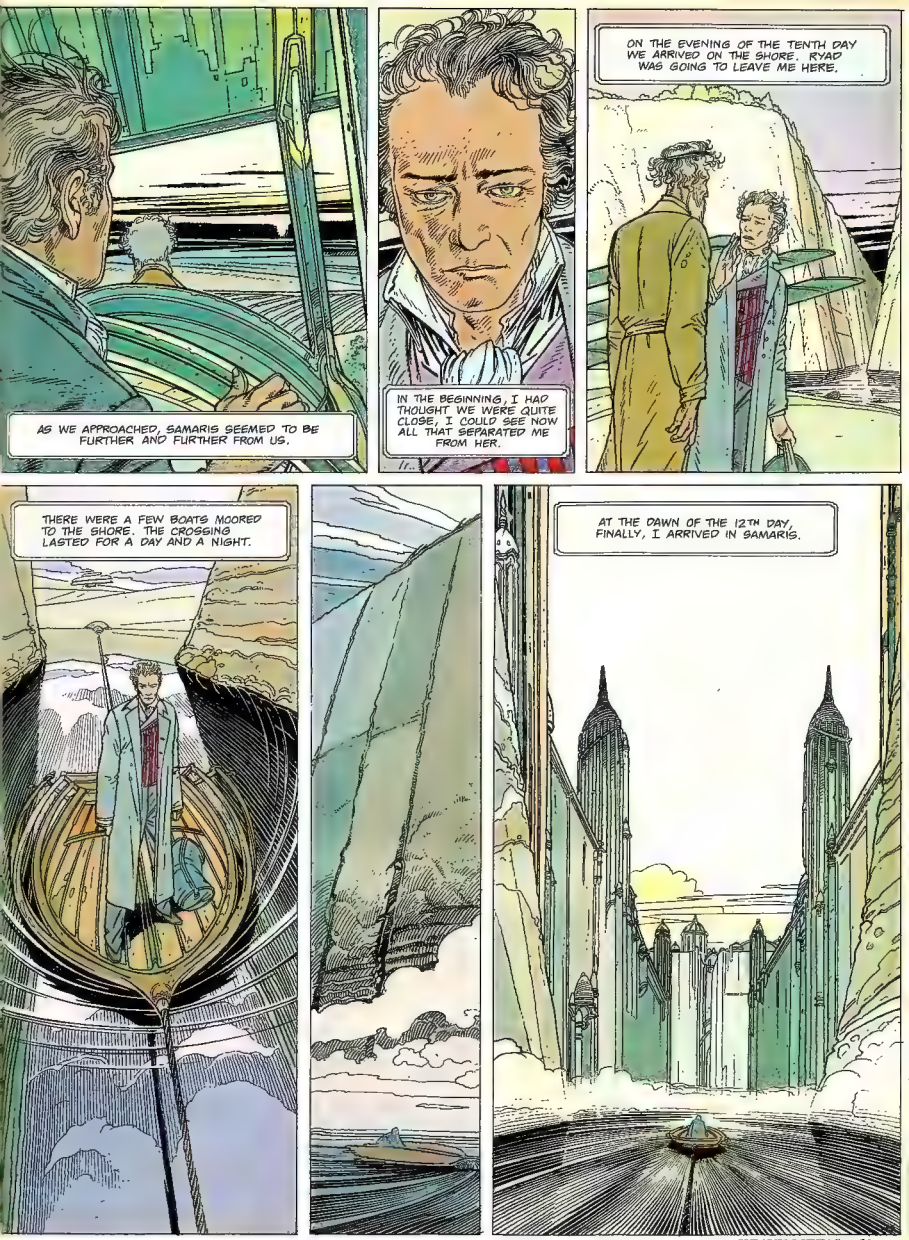

ONCE THERE, I WOULD HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE ALTIPLANE'S DEPARTURE.


WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING TO SAMARIS.
OH. SAMARIS
I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT DAY FOR THE ALTIPLANE'S DEPARTURE.

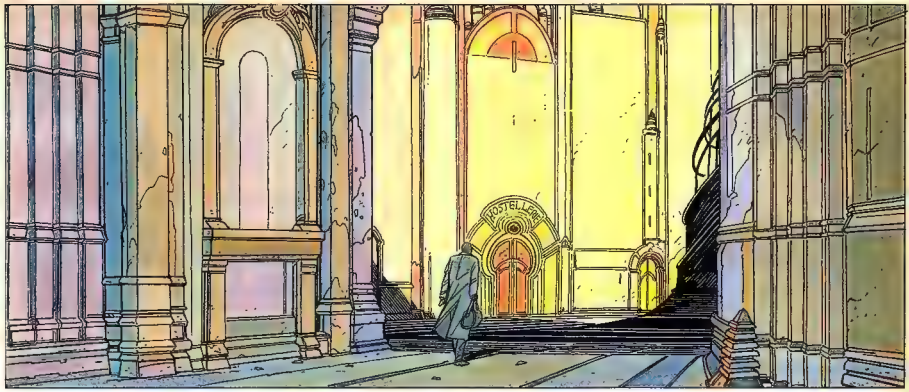

JOURNEYS IN ALTIPLANE ALWAYS TOOK AN INCREDIBLY LONG TIME.

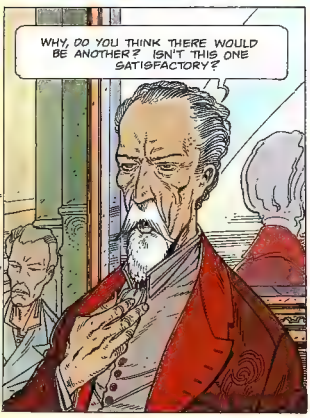

WE COULD ONLY FLY AT VERY LOW ALTITUDES, AND THE AIRCRAFT WAS FORCED TO BYPASS ALL THE CITIES.
IT TOOK US EIGHT DAYS TO GET TO TRAHMER.
THE ALTIPLANE COULD GO NO FURTHER. I WOULD HAVE TO LOOK FOR A GUIDE WHO WOULD AGREE TO TAKE ME FURTHER ON A AEROPHELE.

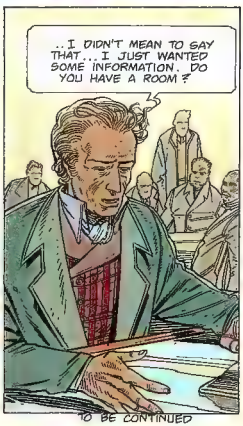

THE NAME SAMARIS SEEMED TO AROUSE ONLY FEAR. THE FIRST TWO GUIDES WITH WHOM I SPOKE REFUSED TO TAKE ME THERE.
I ENDED UP FINDING ONE, BUT NEEDLESS TO SAY, HE WAS RELUCTANT.
RYAD -- THAT WAS HIS NAME -- TALKED VERY LITTLE AND SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND EVEN LESS. SO, I DECIDED TO BE SILENT. OUR JOURNEY LASTED SEVERAL WEEKS.
ONE EVENING, FINALLY, AFTER HAVING CROSSED THE JUNGLE OF POZNAH, I SAW THE WALLS OF SAMARIS.
WILL WE GET THERE SOON, RYAD?
TO MY GREAT SURPRISE, HE COUNTED TWELVE DAYS ON HIS FINGERS.


AS WE APPROACHED, SAMARIS SEEMED TO BE FURTHER AND FURTHER FROM US.
IN THE BEGINNING, I HAD THOUGHT WE WERE QUITE CLOSE, I COULD SEE NOW ALL THAT SEPARATED ME FROM HER.
ON THE EVENING OF THE TENTH DAY WE ARRIVED ON THE SHORE. RYAD WAS GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE.
THERE WERE A FEW BOATS MOORED TO THE SHORE. THE CROSSING LASTED FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT.
AT THE DAWN OF THE 12TH DAY, FINALLY, I ARRIVED IN SAMARIS.

THE CITY WASN'T AS MASSIVE AND IMPOSING AS IT APPEARED FROM THE OUTSIDE
MANY DIFFERENT ARCHITECTURAL STYLES SEEMED TO MERGE TOGETHER, AS IF THE CITY HAD CONSERVED TRACES OF ALL THE CIVILIZATIONS SHE HAD SHELTERED.







TO BE CONTINUED

The Italian Inquisition: Federico Fellini Interviewed

Photograph by Sonia Moskowitz

by Dan Yakir

After a recent rerun on Italian television of *Nights of Cabiria*, Federico Fellini was stopped in the street by a woman who wanted to know why the *maestro* "didn't make pictures like that anymore." What this anonymous admirer was asking for was the small, intimate dramas that won the filmmaker international acclaim in the 1950s—films like *La Strada* and *I Vitelloni*, where an enchanting gallery of optimistic losers entertained big dreams but never managed to emerge out of a dreary existence. Nobody epitomized these characters and sentiments better than Fellini's wife, Giulietta Masina, as both Cabiria, the exploited prostitute with a heart of gold, and Gelsomina, the sad clown of *La Strada*.

Over the years, after creating masterpieces such as *La Dolce Vita* and the openly autobiographical *8½*, Fellini's pictures—some claimed—became increasingly hallucinatory: the characters lost their humanity and their dreams turned into nightmares. The grotesque and the overstated, replaced the warmth of quivering humanity. Fellini, some said, no longer liked people.

The sixty-four-year-old filmmaker, jovially peering through his dark-framed glasses, hardly seems like the misanthrope he is accused of being. Cornered as he is in the lobby of the Grand Hotel in Milan, where he is busy casting for his new film, *Ginger and Fred*, he yields to the questions of his interviewer, aided by his secretary Fiammetta Profili, who translates. Once the *maestro* gets going, he switches to English. He is clearly delighted speaking about himself. His voice is warm, his intonation melodious. His eyes are forever busy taking in his surroundings, perhaps the core of a future cinematic extravagance. There is a modesty about him that one is likely to find in someone who knows his worth.

These are not the best of times for Fellini. His recent *And the Ship Sails On* was not a financial success in his homeland (or elsewhere) and cynics interpreted his decision to make a commercial for Campari—his first ever—and a video clip with Boy George, as evidence of despair. Not so. Boy George, after all, seems like many of Fellini's archetypal protagonists of recent years and there is not a trace of grimness in the *maestro*'s manner.

One of the world's greatest authors has certainly come a long way from his native Rimini, where, oppressed by the rigid bourgeois mentality of his wealthy parents, he found solace in escaping to the local circus. It was there and in puppet shows that he cultivated an imaginary life that started with making himself up in front of the mirror and culminated in some of the seventh art's most stunning achievements.

Fellini has acknowledged the influence of Roberto Rossellini, the father of Italian Neo-Realism, for whom he wrote scripts, and Chaplin. He also served as journalist and illustrator of local magazines, the *fumetti*, through which he paid tribute to the comic books he devoured in his youth. He later made a living as a caricaturist around restaurants in Rome. It is there that his visual imagination started to blossom.

—Dan Yakir

HM: How do you find inspiration in our mediocre times? Or, perhaps, you don't think we are surrounded by mediocrity?
FF: It's a barbaric era. People say it's an era of transition, but this is true about every period. Certainly we have no more myths left the Christian myth doesn't seem to be able to help humanity anymore. So, we're waiting for a new myth. But which one? It's very interesting to live at a time like this. But, having said this, I believe we must accept the time we live in. I feel that my mission in life, my vocation, is to be a witness, and if your life consists of a testimony, you have to accept what you witness. Sure, you can be nostalgic about the past and how great it was and lament the erosion of values, but there's no point to it. From a generational point of view, I'm aware that there's a certain regret about things past, but I personally try to live with the confidence that the future will assimilate the past. The past will transform itself into the future, so it will be relived, not in regret, but as part and parcel of the future.
HM: Does this have to do with your looking into an interior reality rather than an exterior one? Are the dreams and fantasies of which such a reality consists, the basis of your inspiration?
FF: I don't dwell too much on what it is that inspires me. I have to be in touch with my delusions, my discomforts and my fears; they provide me with the material I work with. I make a bundle of all these, along with my disasters, my voids and chasms and try to observe them with sanity, in a conciliatory manner. . . .
HM: What are you afraid of?
FF: I'm afraid of solitude, of the gap between action and testimony—it's a reflection on my existence: to act without being swept away by the action, so as to be able to bear witness at the same time. I fear losing my spontaneity, precisely because of this testimony, because of this habit of constantly analyzing and commenting. I fear old age, madness, decline—I fear not being able to make love ten times a day. . . .
HM: Do you make films because solitude ranks high among your fears?
FF: Making films for me is not just a creative outlet, but an existential expression. I also write and paint in isolation, in an ascetic manner. Perhaps my character is too hard, too severe . . . but cinema is a miracle, because you can live life just as you tell it. It's very stimulating. For my temperament and sensibility, this correlation between daily life and the life I create on screen is fantastic. Creative people live in a very vague territory, where what we call reality and fantasy are disjointed, where one interferes with the other. They're both one and the same thing.
HM: Your early films could be described as social realism while the later ones are more hallucinatory.
FF: You could call hallucination a deeper reality. Critics have a need to categorize and classify. I don't see it that way. I just do what I have to do.
HM: Critics also have termed your characters grotesque and exaggerated. How do you react to such accusations?
FF: To answer this, I must see my films, which I never do. People say that I'm a bit too much, that I exaggerate. Maybe they're right. But even if it's true, it's not intentional. I'm delighted when I come across an expressive face, however bizarre. I am, after all, a caricaturist and I have to accept the limitation it imposes on me. A creative person has something childish about him: he both loves to be surprised and wants to surprise the audience. So, I choose whatever is too big

[redacted]

"I fear old age, madness, decline—I fear not being able to make love ten times a day."

[redacted]

or too small or simply unfamiliar. I try to express the feeling of surprise the way I myself felt it. The world of Picasso could be described as strange and monstrous, but not for him. I too don't see my characters as strange. I simply try to go beyond appearances, to unveil what lies behind what we call "normality." Maybe I overdo it. People ask me, "Mr. Fellini, where do you find such strange characters?" So I respond, "That's what I see when I look in the mirror everyday . . . a monstrous face indeed!" I'm not cruel. It's not true what some critics say, that I hate humanity. For me, curiosity and amusement are proof of my affection for what I depict. When I choose a certain face and have it made up in a certain way, it's not because I want to ridicule, but because I want to convey in an immediate manner something which isn't psychological. My characters never undergo psychological development. My films are a bit more innocent than that and the characters have to be themselves as soon as they appear. So the need to be expressive is immediate.
HM: You show beauty—of women like Claudia Cardinale and Anita Ekberg—alongside the grotesque: for example, a huge woman like Saraghina in *8½*. Isn't there a dichotomy here after all?
FF: Beauty is not limited to its classical sense. It can be everywhere. I must admit that I don't recognize the grotesque. To me they're all beautiful. You mention La Saraghina. In Rimini, near the college for priests, there was a big prostitute like that, who used to expose herself. When I show something like that, it's usually through the eyes of a boy, and sometimes I exaggerate just to show the astonishment or fear or ecstasy of that boy. Also, if I use a big or fat woman, it's because I'm telling a story about an Italian boy who is hungry for women. Just because the Catholic church has described women as something to be ignored, Italians of a certain generation developed an appetite for them—not just for food. So the big women indicate their big appetite.
HM: How do you feel about the relations between the sexes today, when a certain role reversal seems to be at work?
FF: Man has always been unsure of women. A woman for a man is the part that he doesn't know about himself—so he's always afraid of her. He feels weak and vulnerable with her, because she may cause him to lose his identity. Just by projecting the part of himself that he doesn't know on a woman, he loses a lot of himself. So he knows he can be destroyed, devoured . . . that's a natural law. He also probably remembers the very ancient matriarchal society in which man was nothing and women thought they became pregnant just because the wind blew some seed into their vagina. Or the ocean. Or the moon. A thousand years passed before man and woman had a relationship and discovered the orgasm. Suddenly someone started thinking, "Wait a minute, why does it take nine months? Which kind of wind is it? Which ocean started it all nine months ago?" In those matriarchal societies, if men were to assert themselves, they had to put on false tits, wigs and dress like women. They didn't exist at all—worse than rats. When the queen decided to take a companion, he would last a year, after which he was killed, cut to pieces like an animal, and eaten.
HM: What society was that?
FF: Now. It's today. . . . And then, for centuries, man took advantage of women to take revenge for what he had suffered for thousands of years. Now women want to be considered as persons, not as mere projections, and their attempt to escape the image man has confined them to frightens man. But finally he understands that he won't be free until women are free as well. I tried to show all that in *City of Women*.
HM: Do you see yourself as a romantic?
FF: I don't think I have a romantic view of the world, because I don't recognize a particular view of the world. I probably have a romantic conception of the artist and art, but in life, no. I like to probe behind appearances and discover what's really there, like a naughty boy. In this I recognize the skeptic, who tries not to believe too much in facades, who tries to unmask falsehood. I think that's the most

important thing: I have no ideology, but if I had to identify myself with any aspect of it, I'd say that the beauty of art is in its trying to unmask falsehood. To educate. To plant in people's minds the suspicion that reality is something more complex: to give them the *pleasure* of suspicion, not just the burden of doubt. To make them not too protected by taboos, concepts, ideologies. Life is more complex than that. If, in my pictures, I have to recognize a motif—a thread that runs through—I'd say this is the only one.

HM: Does this mean that you avoid judgment?

FF: That's not really possible. We are slaves of our culture, prisoners of our emotions—we always have a subjective point of view. Subjectivity means that we've had a certain education, that we read certain books, that we cultivated certain emotions: all these mysterious and contradictory things that serve as the basis for our judgment. Even when you pretend to be only a witness, you can't ignore all this. I try to be open and not schematic, but always in terms of what's commensurate with my background.

HM: Is that partly why you don't make films in other countries? Because you're so very Italian?

FF: Yes. When I go to a foreign country, everything is a mystery to me. I see images, colors, lines, but they don't add up to anything. I could make a picture about New York, but in Cinecittà, not in America. I'd have to remember what I saw in New York and what emotions it triggered in me and try to recreate them with the same colors and lights. I was so presumptuous as to say several times to American producers that I wanted to make such a film about America in Italy, where I would be protected by an atmosphere in which I could move without being conditioned or mortified by laws I don't know and a language I can't speak.

There's always a reductive attitude toward movies. You never ask writers why they don't write in other languages. The equivocal birth of movies was indeed technical—the camera, the lens, the lights and then you develop the film—but that's a mechanical point of view. If I want to try to express our interview, I can't just put a camera in front of us. I'll have to recreate the *feeling* of the meeting: what I feel about you being an American, and the fact that Fiammetta is trying to create a bridge between us by translating, and the decor of this hotel lobby, the color of the sofa. . . . Just to think the camera can take it all in is reductive.

People ask me, "Why do you recreate Venice in a studio instead of using the real one?" I'm always a bit surprised by such questions. I have to recreate it, because I have to put myself in it.

HM: The decor becomes expressive of your vision. . . .

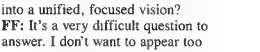
FF: Of course. In America, I'd have to depend on information culled from others; for example, what kind of tails does a Boston lawyer wear? Maybe I'm just tyring to look for pretexts, the real reason being that I'm too old and lazy, but I think it's more sincere to say that I can't talk about life just as I see it. I need a period of reflection. I could do a wholly impressionistic report seen from a newspaper man's eye, but it would mean absolutely nothing.

HM: Do you feel transformed when you're on the set or are you always the same?

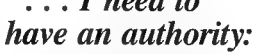
FF: I'm always the same confused man . . . there's no difference. When I work, I'm perhaps healthier because the pressure to do, to escape, to be alive is to me an added neurotic energy. Neurotic health. When I'm in-between pictures, I'm a bit weaker. But I'm always in the same situation of not knowing what I'm doing.

HM: How does such confusion evolve into a unified, focused vision?

FF: It's a very difficult question to answer. I don't want to appear too mystical or too mysterious, but there's a part in me that sometimes comes out at the last moment The more confused I am, the more I'm ready for this new tenant that inhabits my imagination to take possession of me. Which makes everything fall into place. The more I feel lost, the more I believe I can be helped by this unknown source of knowledge. It's magic. Perhaps it's a bit superstitious, this



". . . I need to have an authority: a grand duke, a Pope, an emperor . . . to push me."



trust in the unknown. Of course, what I mean by saying that I don't know what I'm doing is that it comes after I have tried *everything* Having made all the possible efforts, I look at a hundred faces to choose one that would inhabit a dark corner on the screen: that kind of effort.

HM: You're saying that this knowledge goes beyond reason.

FF: That's right. You get lost in the rational system. If you work with faith and you know your limits—and at the same time you have modesty, humility, and also arrogance, like a man—you can reach the truth. If you're as true to yourself as you possibly can, you will be helped, and you'll come closer to the truth. But I don't claim to know all the secrets.

HM: How does a project of yours come into being?

FF: The real ideas come to me when I sign a contract and get an advance which I don't want to give back; it's when I'm *obliged* to make a picture. I'm kidding, naturally. I don't want to appear brutal, like Groucho Marx, but I'm the kind of creator who needs to have an authority: a grand duke, a Pope, an emperor, a producer, a bank—to push me. These very vulgar conditions put me on the right track. It's then that I start thinking about what I can, and want to, do.

HM: Tell me about *Ginger and Fred*.

FF: It's a little story about two two-bit dancers in a variety show who imitate Rogers and Astaire and therefore are named after them It started as a film for television about six women to be made by six directors: Antonioni, Zeffirelli, Rosi, Lizzani, Magni and myself When Italian TV started co-productions with the Americans, I was asked to do my segment as a movie, and Antonioni was asked the same about his. It's going to be seventy-minutes-long, like *Orchestra Rehearsal*.

It's made for TV, but will be shown in theaters first. That is, if any remain in Italy. They've just closed 2,117 of them here, and there are now many cities, like Perugia (the equivalent of Boston) which had three or four theaters, but now have nothing. In Italy, we have over 200 private TV stations You could watch 200 pictures on 200 TV sets at the same time, but that's not all that's wrong. The movies have suffered not only because of the direct competition of TV, but TV has created a different relationship between audiences and images: they can switch it off. You watch TV in a small room, in the light, where you can talk. It has cancelled all the ritualistic attention movies used to command. The fact that you can change channels by your remote control every thirty seconds has created an impatient audience and a very arrogant and superficial one. Everything it finds annoying, it eliminates. Add to that the fact that TV is available twenty-four-hours a day, and that images are used electronically: they're doubled and squeezed onto the small screen . . . this caleidoscopic use has destroyed the image. We are no longer used to being seduced by a pure image We have no interest in following a story from an author's point of view. Since this is what I'm trying to do, I must admit I feel frustrated. The man with the remote control has become director and exhibitor. The audience has gained power at the expense of movies, so the cinema has become a tainted old lady teetering away. I would like very much to please the audience, but I have to be faithful to the picture.

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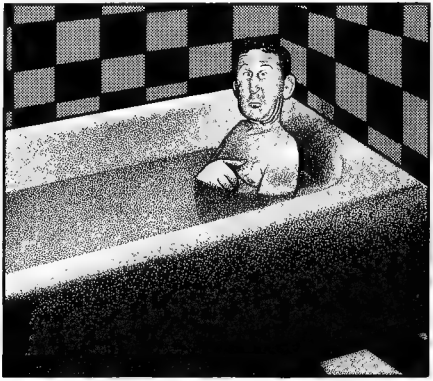
OODLES OF DOODLES

DOODLES DOES AS HE PLEASES.

HE CAN PLAY DOCTOR.

HE CAN TAKE A BATH....



HE CAN DINE AT SARDIS....

WITH HIS VIVID IMAGINATION, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

YET... THERE IS THAT IMPENDING NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST.

OH, WELL.

BOOKSHELF

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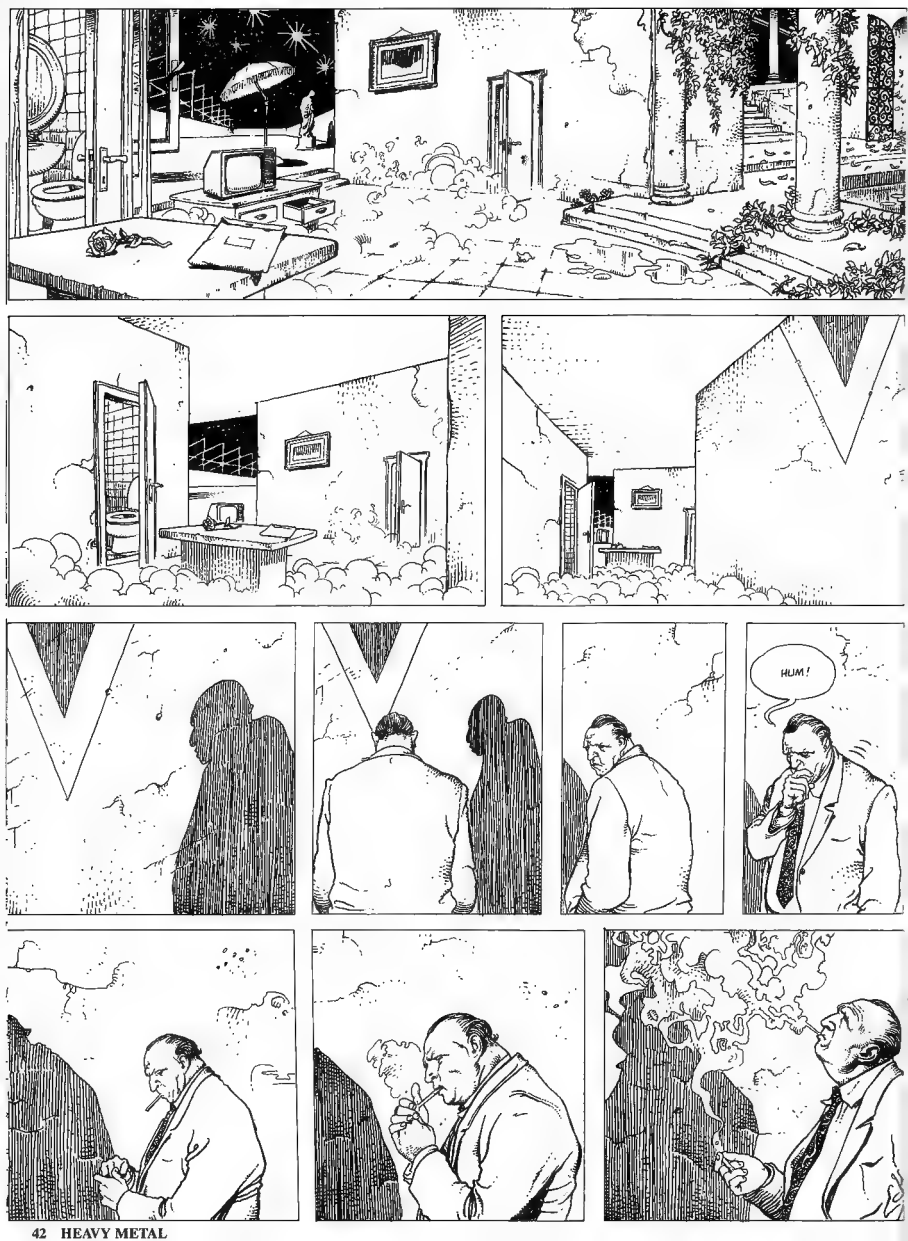
An Author in Search of Six Characters

by Milo Manara

COME ON, GIVE ME THAT BAG, YOU STUPID IDIOT. ALL OUR MONEY'S IN THERE!
WHEN THE OLD MAN GAVE IT TO US, WE BOTH SWORE WE WOULD ONLY GIVE IT TO...
DON'T BE AN IDIOT! WE'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO LIVE ON FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES. I PUT UP WITH THE OLD MAN FOR FOUR YEARS WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT! GIVE ME THAT BAG...
WHY DON'T YOU COME AND GET IT?

YOU SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME, YOU STUPID SHIT!
YOU'LL NEVER REACH YOUR DESTINATION, YOU BASTARD! AS SOON AS I TALK TO YOU-KNOW-WHO, YOU'LL HAVE NO WAY OUT LEFT, NOT EVEN UNDERGROUND....


HUM!

VERY WELL!
IN SHORT, WE'RE STUCK IN HERE, TRYING TO DO SOMETHING -- NOT PRETENTIOUS ENOUGH, MAYBE -- BUT SINCE WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, WE CAN'T JUST SIT HERE AND TALK.
IT'S VERY EASY TO DO NOTHING, TO SAY 'GO SCREW YOURSELF, WE WON'T DO IT ANYMORE,' TO YELL AT EVERYBODY AND SAY 'I'M MORE FED UP THAN YOU ARE' AND...
NO, NO, O.K., LET'S NOT BE PATHETIC.
AND YET, THE STORY WASN'T BAD AND COULD HAVE BEEN, IN THE END, QUITE FUNNY, BUT DAMMIT, HOW CAN ONE ...
THEY STICK SOMEONE HERE TO CHECK ON EVERYTHING YOU DO; NOT A TRACE OF THE HEROINE; THEY SEND YOU TO SLAUGHTER WITHOUT EVEN TELLING YOU WHY! WHEN THINGS GET TO THIS POINT YOU DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO GO ON, AND AFTER ALL THIS, THEY COME AND SAY 'ADVENTURE, ADVENTURE'...
WHAT A SHITTY ADVENTURE!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH! ON THE OTHER HAND, ONE HAS TO BE PROFESSIONAL. ONE MUST BE TOUGHER, MAYBE, OR HAVE MORE GUTS. ONE SHOULDN'T ASSUME THAT PEOPLE ARE WILLING TO BUST THEIR ASS ONLY TO HEAR THE SAME THINGS REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ANYMORE, I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE MIXED UP IN IT ANYMORE!
NOW I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YOU, THEN I'LL PACK UP AND GO HOME AND IT'LL BE AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED. OK?
VERY WELL. TO BEGIN WITH, THIS SEALED ENVELOPE CONTAINS THE SCRIPT, THE FRAMEWORK OF OUR ADVENTURE, WHICH NOBODY HAS READ AND NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW. I WAS TOLD THE LITTLE I KNOW ABOUT IT, WHEN I GOT HERE!
...AND, AS IF THAT WEREN'T ENOUGH, I CAN'T OPEN IT UNTIL THE ACTRESS WHO PLAYS THE LEADING ROLE GETS HERE!
I COULD, POSSIBLY, UNDERSTAND THE REASON FOR ALL THIS MYSTERY, SINCE THE SUBJECT IS QUITE EXPLOSIVE, BUT.
...BUT SHIT! I'VE BEEN WAITING THREE HOURS FOR THE ACTRESS AND EVEN IF IT IS AN OLD TRICK OF THE TRADE, SHE STILL ISN'T HERE!
GET IT? THE ACTRESS WHO PLAYS THE LEADING ROLE ISN'T HERE! SHE'S ABSENT! SHE DIDN'T COME!
THIS IS THE KIND OF THING THAT MAKES ONE GO BONKERS: ONE TRIES TO HAVE SOME INITIATIVE, CHOOSES A STORY WHICH ISN'T A REAL TURN ON, BUT HAS SOME PERSPECTIVE, SOME IMPLICATIONS... MAYBE ONE DOESN'T EVEN BELIEVE IN IT...
HI THERE, GUYS!
I'M SORRY, GUYS, I'M ONLY DROPPING BY TO TELL YOU THAT I CAN'T STAY!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU CAN'T STAY, JANE? YOU ARE THE LEAD, AND WITHOUT YOU, WE CAN'T DO A THING!

YOU ARE PERFECTLY RIGHT, BERGMAN, BUT IT'S NOT MY FAULT. I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.
THE TECHNICIANS FOR SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIES ARE ON STRIKE AND I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FINISH MY NEW SERIES. WE'RE TALKING BIG BUCKS!
THE PRODUCTION HAS LOST A LOT OF MONEY WITH THIS STRIKE. SO COMPLAIN TO THE UNIONS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'SO COMPLAIN TO THE UNIONS'?
WELL THEN, BERGMAN, COMPLAIN TO WHOM YOU PLEASE! IT'S NOT MY FAULT!
OF COURSE, IT'S NOBODY'S FAULT, BABE, BUT IT'S THE SAME PEOPLE WHO END UP PAYING!
SO WHAT?
WELL, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU, MY DEAR? THERE IS NO SOLUTION OTHER THAN APOLOGIZING TO EVERYONE AND CLOSING UP SHOP. I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO!
I'LL HAVE MY SECRETARY, JAIME DOUGH, CALL YOU. SHE'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS: THE MAKE UP ARTIST, THE COSTUME DESIGNER...
PARDON ME.
GOOD MORNING, MR VOLARGNE SENT ME... THESE ARE MISS JANE'S COSTUMES.

WE WORKED ALL NIGHT TO FINISH THEM!
I'M VERY SORRY, BUT I'M AFRAID THEY WON'T BE OF ANY USE FOR THE MOMENT.
WELL. THEN.. I'LL TAKE THEM BACK.
GOOD BYE!
STOP! ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!
NO, NO, JANE!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING! A PLAY WITHOUT AN ACTRESS IS CATASTROPHIC, BUT TO REPLACE HER WITH A SEAMSTRESS WOULD BE TURNING THIS INTO A DIME NOVEL!
MY DEAR BERGMAN? SHE'S PRETTY, SHE'S MY SIZE... WE COULD TRY HER, WHAT'VE WE GOT TO LOSE?
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE! WE MUST TALK TO THE PRODUCER ... IN THIS VENTURE YOU ARE THE ONLY PROFESSIONAL ACTRESS! THE MAIN ROLE!
THAT'S NONSENSE! WHY DON'T WE DO THE WHOLE PLAY WITH REAL PEOPLE. NO PROFESSIONALS!
IT COULD TURN OUT TO BE FANTASTIC! A REAL ADVENTURE!
WELL, SINCE WE'VE REACHED THIS POINT, WE COULD JUST...
VERY WELL, GET ON WITH IT THEN! I HAVE TO GO! WAKE UP, BERGMAN! TELL THE GIRL ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE STORY.

I'LL SEND JAINE DOWN TO ORGANIZE EVERYTHING! SHE WILL SEEM A LITTLE RIGID AT FIRST ...BUT SHE'S FANTASTIC IN THIS KIND OF SITUATION.
BYE BYE, MY DEARS! BACK TO MY SCIENCE FICTION!
...WELL, MISS... EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOU! I MEAN, WHETHER WE CONTINUE OR PACK UP AND GO! EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOU!
WHAT? I DON'T UNDER-STAND.
YES, MISS, ONLY YOU CAN HELP US! JANE HERSELF DECIDED IT SHOULD BE SO! WE'LL HAVE NO PROBLEMS WITH THE PRODUCER, HE'LL BE ON OUR SIDE!
BUT... WHAT...
OH, PLEASE, DON'T SAY NO... WE'VE GOTTEN SO FAR THAT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO TURN BACK NOW.
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT I HAVE TO DO.
YOU MUST SIMPLY PLAY THE ROLE.
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DON'T KNOW HOW! I'VE NEVER TRIED SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
IT'LL BE MUCH BETTER! YOU WILL BE MUCH MORE SPONTANEOUS!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY DID YOU CHOOSE ME?
CONFOUND IT, MISS! DON'T CREATE MORE PROBLEMS! YOU WERE HERE AND JANE CHOSE YOU AND THAT'S THAT!
BUT WITH ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS AROUND... FLASHIER THAN I AM? I'M A VERY NORMAL PERSON.

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THAT'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR! A NORMAL PERSON! WE CAN'T LOSE ANYMORE TIME DISCUSSING THIS ISSUE. MAKE UP YOUR MIND! WE'VE ALREADY WASTED QUITE A FEW PAGES WITH ALL THIS BUSINESS.
COME ON, MISS, PUT ON THE COSTUME AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE STORY AND YOUR ROLE. YOU'LL SEE, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!
WELL, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO CHANGE RIGHT HERE, IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY, YOU'RE WRONG!!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY'? IN FRONT OF WHOM?
LET'S MAKE A FEW THINGS CLEAR RIGHT AWAY, SIR! I MIGHT, MAYBE, ACCEPT TO PLAY THE ROLE, BUT I WILL NOT DO DISGUSTING THINGS, LIKE UNDRESSING, AND THINGS LIKE THAT. I WON'T DO ANYTHING OF THE SORT!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, ANYWAY YOU WANT IT. GO INTO THE OTHER ROOM. I ONLY ASKED YOU TO CHANGE, BUT IF YOU WANT TO GO DOWN THERE, FINE. I'LL STAY HERE AND IN THE MEANTIME I'LL EXPLAIN A FEW THINGS..
I'M READY! IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YES, YES, I CAN HEAR YOU. GO AHEAD!
AH, GOOD! LET US BEGIN!
THE ADVENTURE THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO LIVE...OR RATHER, INTERPRET, THE SCRIPT, IN SHORT... BEGINS WITH THE ENERGY CRISIS....
ACTUALLY, NO. THE REAL SUBJECT IS THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF THE INCAS, THE CIVILIZATION OF THE SUN. THE INCAS HAD DISCOVERED A WAY TO PRODUCE ELECTRICITY BY UTILIZING SOLAR ENERGY....
VERY WELL. WHEN THAT IDIOT PIZARRO DESTROYED THE SOLAR POWER PLANTS, WHICH WERE VERY COMPLEX, TAKING THEM, PROBABLY FOR TEMPLES, THE SECRET OF SOLAR ENERGY DISAPPEARED WITH THE INCAS.

AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE BELIEVED UNTIL A SHORT TIME AGO! ARE YOU FOLLOWING, MISS?
MORE OR LESS....
WELL, ANYWAY, THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT! THE FACT IS THAT A FEW DAYS AGO A VERY DETAILED PLAN FOR A SOLAR POWER PLANT APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE . DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I THINK SO... I DON'T KNOW....
NO, NO, THIS MUST BE VERY CLEAR TO YOU, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT! I'LL REPEAT WHAT I SAID: A FEW DAYS AGO A VOLUME CONTAINING DETAILED PLANS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SOLAR POWER PLANT MYSTERIOUSLY MADE AN APPEARANCE. THESE PLANS WOULD ENABLE ANYBODY TO BUILD SOLAR POWER PLANTS WHICH WOULD PRODUCE IMMENSE QUANTITIES OF ELECTRICITY USING SOLAR RADIATIONS. AM I BEING CLEAR?
THIS MEANS THAT, STARTING TODAY, THE WORLD WOULD DISPOSE OF PRACTICALLY UNLIMITED QUANTITIES OF ELECTRICITY AT A RIDICULOUS PRICE. GET IT?
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I... I THINK SO..
VERY WELL!
ENOUGH TALKING! SET TO WORK!
YOU MUST BE MISS DOUGH!
STOP! ENOUGH TALKING, I SAID! WHERE IS THE SCRIPT?
VERY WELL! WHERE'S THE YOUNG LADY?
SHE'S DOWN THERE, CHANGING!
COME OUT IMMEDIATELY, MISS!

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Hunting Party

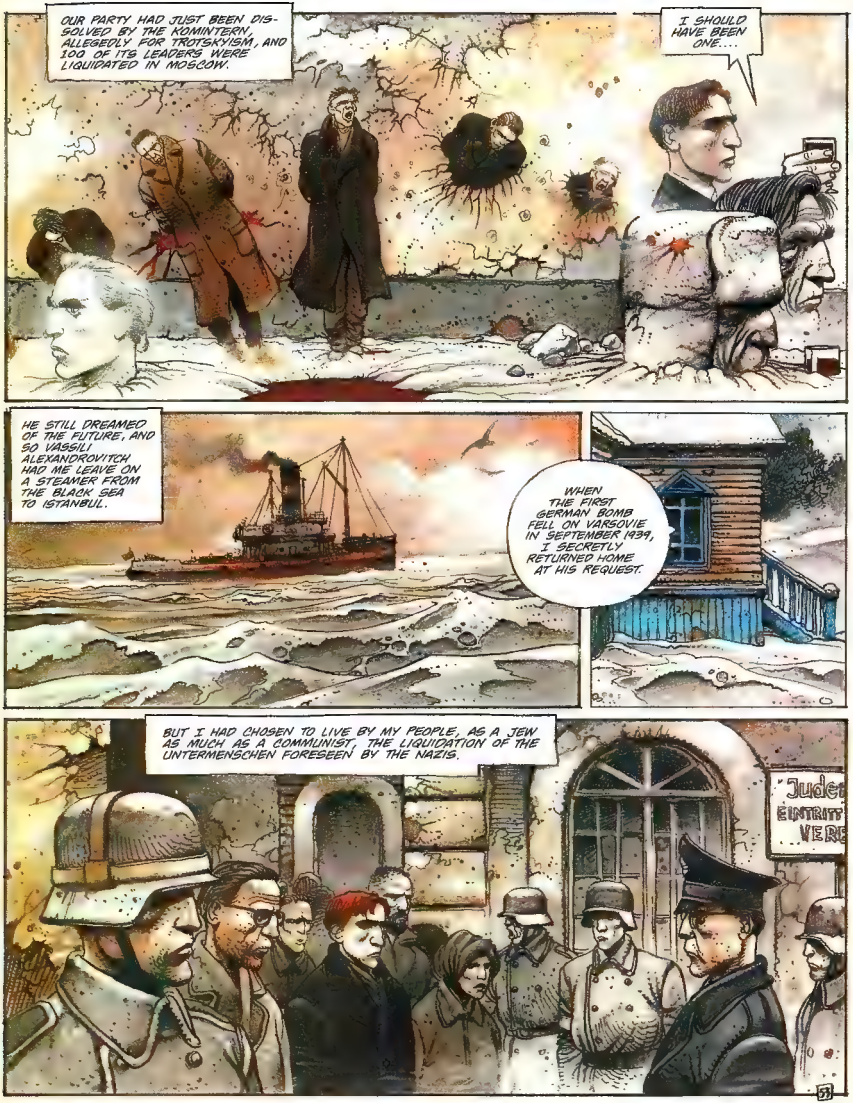
christin·bilal

LAST WE READ, THE GREAT HUNT WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN ...
EVIL BEASTS, BELIEVE ME, THOSE LITTLE FRENCHMEN... AND NERVOUS THIS MORNING... I THINK I'LL STAY HERE....
I'LL GO UP AHEAD A BIT.
NA POMOC.....
DID YOU HEAR THAT? WHAT IS IT?
IT SOUNDS LIKE TADEUSZ.
SOUNDS AS IF HE'S IN TROUBLE.
BUT I WAS JUST WITH HIM.
FOLLOW ME!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. NOTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TODAY.
YES, IT'S STRANGE
49

WAIT, I'M NOT SURE ABOUT...
I DON'T LIKE THIS...
ME NEI-THER.
HOWEVER, IT REALLY SEEMS TO ME...
WHERE IS VASSILI ALEXANDRO-VITCH, GOOD GOD!?
DON'T KNOW
AND CHAVANIDZE?
FAR AHEAD, THE GUARD SAYS, HE'S HAVING A GREAT SLAUGHTER.
MAUTE CVORD!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM.
DID ANYTHING HAPPEN?
GOOD QUESTION
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
SHOOTING IS TOO RISKY
WHAT IF HE CHARGES?
50

BLAM
WHO FIRED?
IT WAS VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH!
FANTASTIC SHOT!
THIS CALLS FOR A DRINK! YOU FRIGHTENED US, IDIOT!!! WE THOUGHT THE PLANS HAD BEEN CHANGED, AND THAT....
SHUT UP! YOU'RE THE IDIOT!!!
BRAVO, VASSILI!
ARE YOU ALRIGHT, TADEUSZ?
NOTHING SERIOUS, FRIENDS. BUT IT WAS TIME.
ЧТО СЛУЧИЛОСЬ ?
EXPLAIN TO HIM WHAT HAPPENED..
OH PAHEH?
AA, ЭТО КАБАН...
51

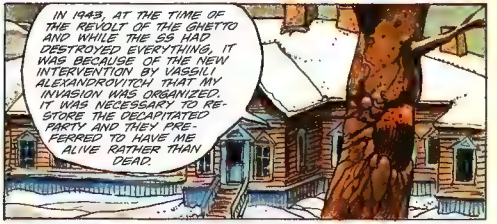
...этого следовало ожидать.
SERGUEI CHAVANDZE SAYS THAT IT WAS INEVITABLE...THAT ONE SHOULDN'T WALK AROUND WITHOUT A GUN DURING A HUNT.
REALLY? WELL, YOU CAN TELL HIM....
YOU'LL TELL HIM NOTHING! WE ARE GOING TO THE PAVILLION, WHERE OUR LUNCH IS AWAITING US.
THEY'LL BANDAGE ME UP. THEN WE'LL DRINK TO VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH, WHO'S JUST GIVEN ME A THIRD LIFE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN A THIRD LIFE?
OH, IT'S A LONG STORY, AND SOME OF YOU HAVE ALREADY HEARD BITS OF IT. I OWE THREE LIVES AND ALSO THREE DEATHS TO VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH.
THE FIRST LIFE I OWE HIM IS WHEN HE JOINED ME AT ODESSA IN 1930. I WAS CONVALESCING FROM SERIOUS INJURIES I SUSTAINED FROM THE POLISH POLICE, FROM WHOM I HAD JUST BARELY ESCAPED.
52


OUR PARTY HAD JUST BEEN DISSOLVED BY THE KOMINTERN, ALLEGEDLY FOR TROTSKYISM, AND 100 OF ITS LEADERS WERE LIQUIDATED IN MOSCOW.
I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ONE...
HE STILL DREAMED OF THE FUTURE, AND SO VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH HAD ME LEAVE ON A STEAMER FROM THE BLACK SEA TO ISTANBUL.
WHEN THE FIRST GERMAN BOMB FELL ON VARSOVIE IN SEPTEMBER 1939, I SECRETLY RETURNED HOME AT HIS REQUEST.
BUT I HAD CHOSEN TO LIVE BY MY PEOPLE, AS A JEW AS MUCH AS A COMMUNIST, THE LIQUIDATION OF THE UNTERMENSCHEN FORESEEN BY THE NAZIS.

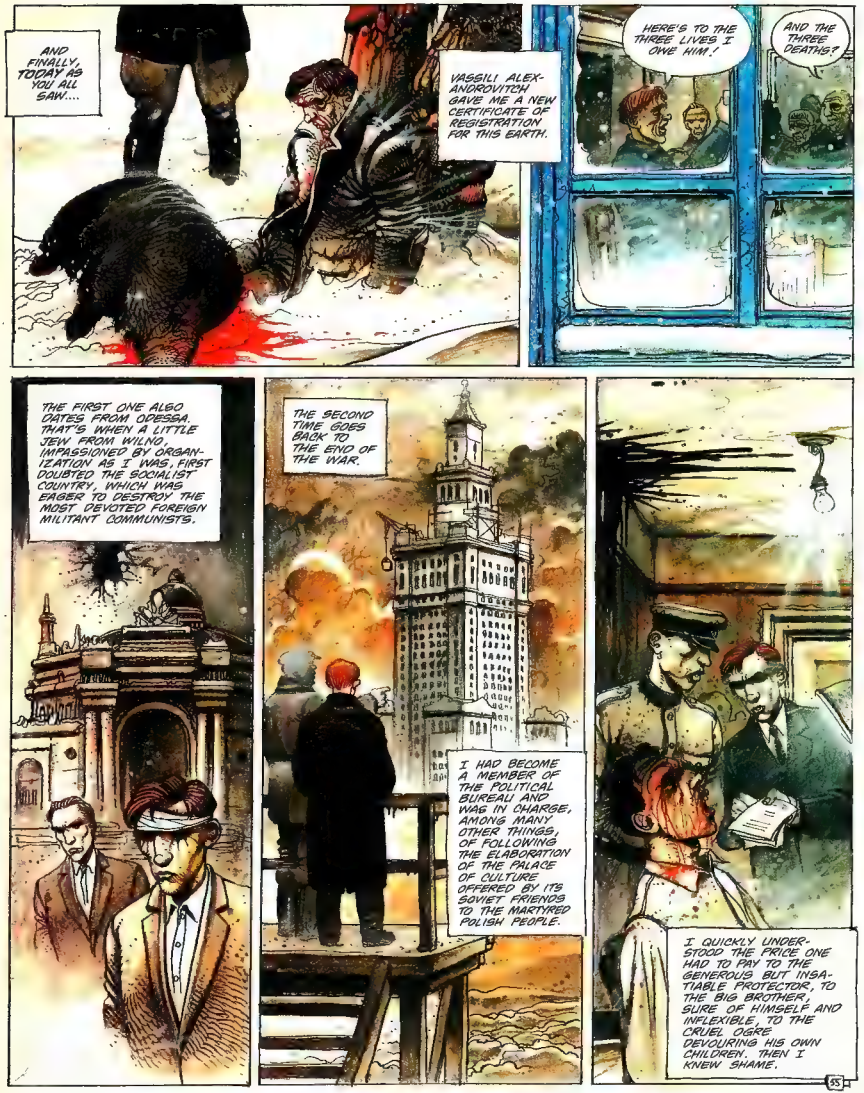
THE GHETTO! 500,000 PEOPLE WOULD BE CONDEMNED TO IT, BUT ONLY 200 WOULD SURVIVE, OF WHICH I....

CHILDREN ROASTED IN FIRES LIT WITH TORCHES, FATHERS ASSASSINATED THEIR SONS TO SPARE THEM THE HORROR.

CADAVERS CARRIED DAILY IN WHEELBARROWS, THE ODOR PERMEATING THIS CITY OF RUINS... I KNEW ALL THAT.

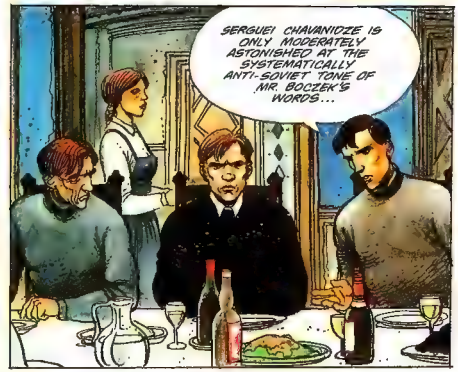

IN 1943, AT THE TIME OF THE REVOLT OF THE GHETTO AND WHILE THE SS HAD DESTROYED EVERYTHING, IT WAS BECAUSE OF THE NEW INTERVENTION BY VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH THAT MY INVASION WAS ORGANIZED. IT WAS NECESSARY TO RESTORE THE DECAPITATED PARTY AND THEY PREFERRED TO HAVE ME ALIVE RATHER THAN DEAD.

AFTER THE WAR, I MARCHED FULL OF HOPE WITH HIM INTO THE IMMENSE SLAUGHTERHOUSE STINKING OF DECOMPOSED BODIES UNDER THE RUBBISH, DREAMING OF THE RECONSTRUCTION OF MY DEVASTATED COUNTRY.


AND FINALLY, TODAY AS YOU ALL SAW....
VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH GAVE ME A NEW CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION FOR THIS EARTH.
HERE'S TO THE THREE LIVES I OWE HIM!
AND THE THREE DEATHS!
THE FIRST ONE ALSO DATES FROM ODESSA. THAT'S WHEN A LITTLE JEW FROM WILNO IMPASSIONED BY ORGANIZATION AS I WAS, FIRST DOUBTED THE SOCIALIST COUNTRY, WHICH WAS EAGER TO DESTROY THE MOST DEVOTED FOREIGN MILITANT COMMUNISTS.
THE SECOND TIME GOES BACK TO THE END OF THE WAR.
I HAD BECOME A MEMBER OF THE POLITICAL BUREAU AND WAS IN CHARGE, AMONG MANY OTHER THINGS, OF FOLLOWING THE ELABORATION OF THE PALACE OF CULTURE OFFERED BY ITS SOVIET FRIENDS TO THE MARTYRED POLISH PEOPLE.
I QUICKLY UNDERSTOOD THE PRICE ONE HAD TO PAY TO THE GENEROUS, BUT INSATIABLE PROTECTOR, TO THE BIG BROTHER, SURE OF HIMSELF AND INFLEXIBLE, TO THE CRUEL OGRE DEVOURING HIS OWN CHILDREN. THEN I KNEW SHAME.
65

IT WAS HOWEVER ONLY IN 1967, AT THE TIME OF MY THIRD DEATH, THAT I UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING. IT WAS VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH HIMSELF WHO CAME TO ANNOUNCE THE NEWS TO ME AT THE PALACE OF CULTURE, WHICH I HAD JUST HELPED TO BUILD.
THE REGIME NEEDED SCAPEGOATS IN ORDER TO JUSTIFY ITS FAILURES. WHO DID THEY THINK OF, I ASK YOU? OF THE JEWS WHO HAD BEEN FORGOTTEN BY THE RATHER METICULOUS GERMAN GENOCIDE.

OUTSIDE THEY SCREAMED AGAINST THE "MOSJKI DU PALESTINE." THE MOSES OF PALESTINE. AND ME, TADEUSZ BOCZEK, I WAS RETIRED, BUT HAPPY, THANKS TO THE INTERVENTION OF VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH, TO HAVE BEEN SENT TO THIS FARAWAY COUNTRY.



TO BE CONTINUED

THIS SHIRT STRONG, LIKE ME!
ME FEEL GREAT!
I GOTTUM CHOICE WILLIAM STOUT SHIRT, TOO!
NO SWEAT STAINS YET!
IT TOP QUALITY HEAVYWEIGHT 50-50!
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THE DESTROYER
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ME HAVE OFFICIAL LICENSED "CONAN" THE DESTROYER" T-SHIRT...
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CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM*:

Before you guys get a deluge of mail on your special video awards issue (September), I'd like to put in my twenty cents worth on what I think are some of the most exploitative, pointless, and just plain lame videos of the past year. My credentials aren't as good as *HM*'s, but as a steady video viewer (about two to three hours a night), I'd just like to get my kicks in now. I don't want to kick too hard, just in the right places.

Dance video with the worst dancing: David Bowie's "Let's Dance." Bowie, who can dance, doesn't; those that do, can't. What is the point?

Funniest video (intentional): Weird Al Yankovich's "Eat It," hands down. Some of Madness's videos are amusing, but don't make you laugh quite as hard.

Funniest video (unintentional): A tie between Pat Benatar's "Love is a Battlefield" and Jefferson Starship's "One Way Out." That video by Heart comes close, but I forget what the song is.

Most exploitive video: John Lennon's "Living on Borrowed Time." Nice song, though.

Loudest video (visually): Duran Duran's "Reflex." The colors are loud, the editing is too fast, concert footage cut with film footage until you can't tell which is which, and where is that water coming from? The screen? Huh?

Loudest video (overall): Police's "Synchronicity II." A busy set, high winds, guitar feedback, and Sting SHOUTING the song. Not very pleasant.

Ugliest group in video: Kiss in "Lick It Up." God, these guys are *ugly* without makeup. *(No kidding—but smart enough to realize those grim mugs wouldn't make them nearly as much moolah as the painted masks.—ls)*

Performer making biggest fool of himself: The Cars' Ric Ocasek, in "Magic." Squinting in the sun, he poses and moves ridiculously with a bunch of extras in silly costumes while walking on water. Right. *(He doesn't look nearly as dumb as Billy Idol does, with his crowbarred sneer and adolescent pose of macho defiance.—ls)*

Most obnoxious video: Yes's "Owner of a Lonely Heart." Whenever I feel sad and a little lonely, I feel like putting maggots on my face, twitching in a corridor, screaming in an elevator, beating someone up and falling off a building. I'm glad Yes finally put these subtle emotions in such an appealing way.

Most pompous video: Manfred Mann's "Runner." What's supposed to be a dramatic tribute to the summer Olympics, comes off stilted and boring.

Video most exploitive of women. Trying to pick only one is hard. I'd say the worst is ZZ Top's "Legs" simply because it's so obvious. Just look sharp gals and the world will fall all over you. *(Too bad it's the truth. The interesting question is, are they reinforcing a cultural stereotype or just reflecting it?—ls)*

Video exploiting sexual perversion: Again, you can't pick just one. There's Cameo's "She's So Strange," Prince's "Little Red Corvette," Bowie's "China Girl," The Stones's "She's So Hot," Michael Jackson's "Thriller," anything with Boy George *(Why? Just because of the way he dresses? That's ridiculous.—ls)*, and I'd say about 88% of videos by heavy metal groups. *(I think you're lumping exploitation of pure sex with sexual perversion. There is a difference.—ls)* Though I've never seen it, I've heard that Frankie Goes to Hollywood's "Relax" video (the original, banned one) is worse. The lead singers, who do admit to being gay, *(Horrors!—ls)* go into a gay bar filled with leather, kinky S&M, transvestites, and other negative stereotypes. *(Sounds like a typical episode of "Ranxerox" to me. But seriously, I've seen the clip in question, and it's pretty inoffensive. It's also well photographed and edited, and pretty fucking hilarious. As with ZZ Top, it's a question of reinforcing negative stereotypes or simply portraying them. Those sorts of places do exist, and they form a major part of the underground gay scene—and if Frankie Goes to Hollywood want to shoot a home movie of one of their nightly golden showers, I think they should be allowed to. Just as long as they wash their hands afterwards.—ls)* But I think videos that are safe and unquestionably dishonest are worse. Motley Crue's "Too Young to Fall in Love" is an adolescent male fantasy and covers much the same territory as "Relax." What makes Motley Crue so reprehensible is their pretending to be the way an adolescent male should be. Give me an honest video, flashy or not, than mindless, sexist, headbanging any day. *(Naturally, I agree—but you've got to remember that videos are advertising, not art, and any means to insinuate the product advertised into your consciousness is to be utilized.—ls)*

Glenn Dressler
Kankakee, IL

Dear Metalurgists:

While Liberatore and Tamburini are dreaming up new adventures for Ranxerox and Lubna, why don't you people run some S. Clay Wilson material? That should keep us satisfied in the sex'n'violence department for a while. A few other suggestions: end "Tex Arcana" (because the suspense is killing me!), more music (albums reviews, interviews, etc.), and get rid of "Salammbo II." Keep it coming, guys!

D. Medina
Brooklyn, NY

Dear *HM*:

1950. Television is introduced. People are engrossed and will watch anything broadcast, because there's been nothing like it before. As time progresses, people demand better shows. Along come "Star Trek," "Roots," "The Day After."

1977. Along comes *HM*. People are engrossed—there has never been anything like it before. As time progresses, people demand better. How about it?

True, you've printed some great stories and artwork, but you've had more than your fair share of "Gilligan's Islands." Why run 95% foreign art? *(Simply, because we like it better than most of the American stuff offered us, and because* HM *is an international magazine.—ls)* Just because an artist is French, it doesn't mean he's great. Good artwork is ruined by lousy stories, and the French seem to be crummy writers. *(They're also less captivated by the boring clichés of traditional American comics.—ls)*

Try not to run so many continued stories—this is *HM*, not "The Days of Our Lives." Too many issues are 85% continued. Try more complete stories, like "June 2050," which is the best item you run every issue. *(You lose. "June 2050" has been cancelled. —ls)*

Finally, someone should invite Lou Stathis over for a Jim Jones-style Kool-Aid party, for putting his comments through the middle of Chain Mail. Isn't there enough room at the bottom of each letter, Lou? It's irritating.

Gary Davis
Montesano, WA

Sure there's enough room, but by now most everyone's forgotten what specifically in the letter is being responded to. Right? Uh, now what was the question?—ls

ENSLAVED BY THE NEEDLE!

A STORY WITH: Fred Fallon

BY: Willem

AND: Joost Swarte '73

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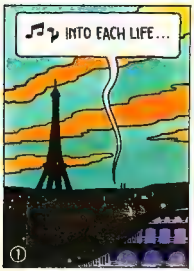
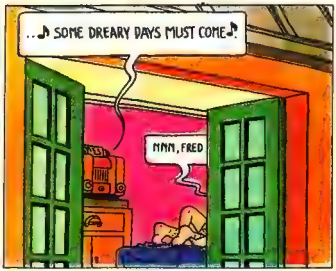
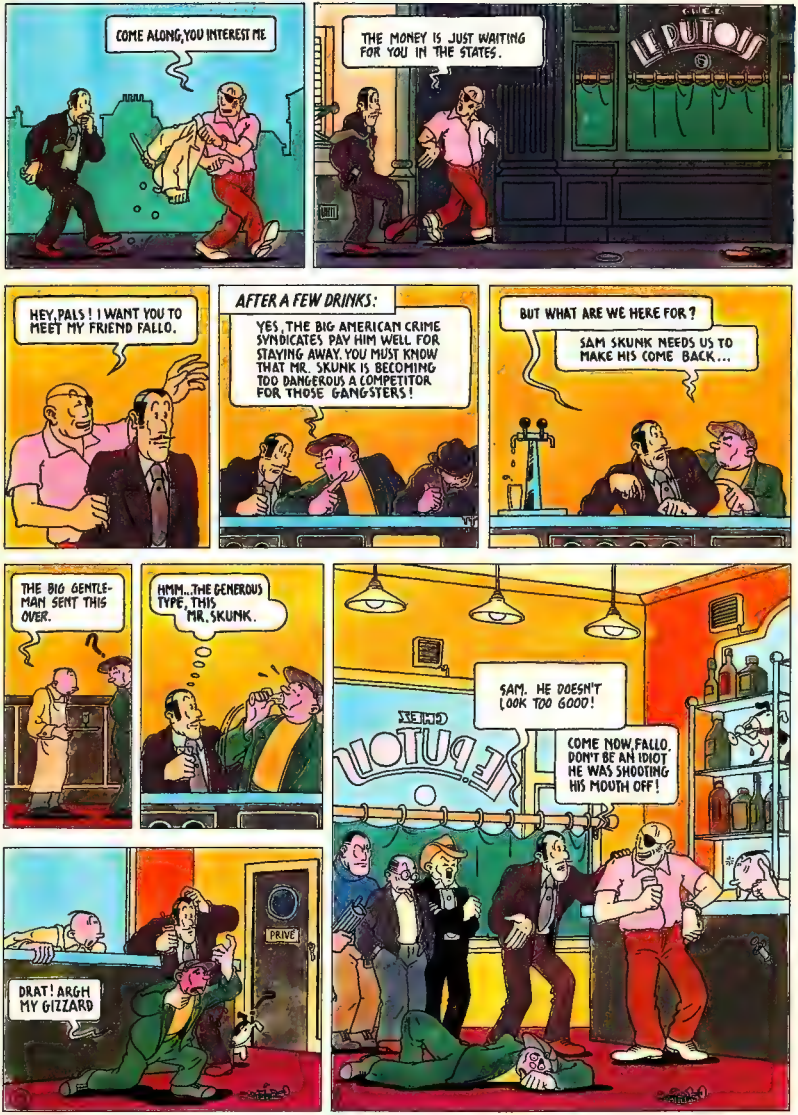
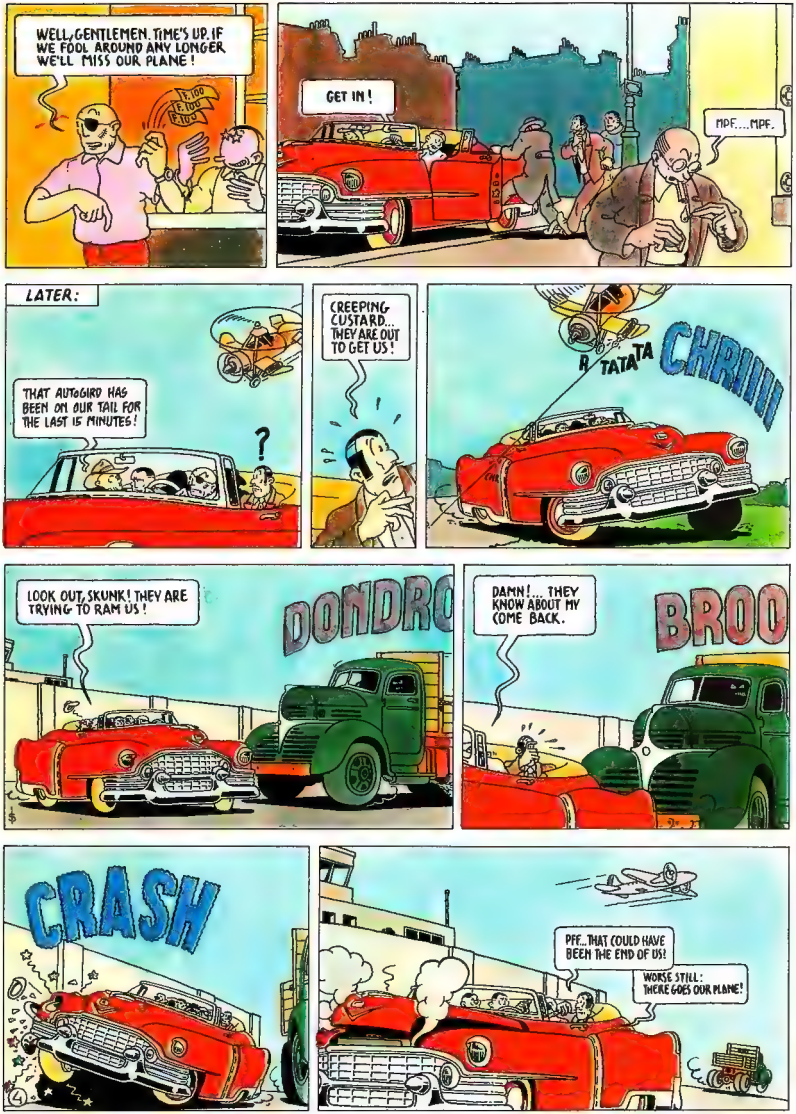
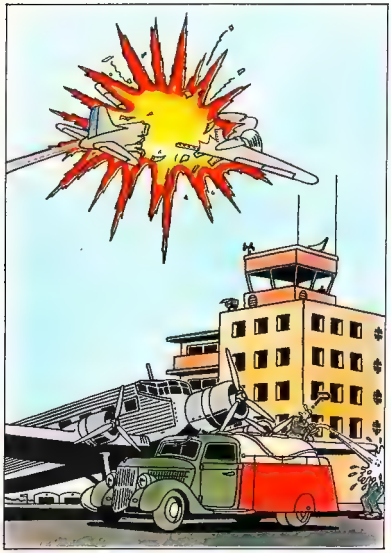


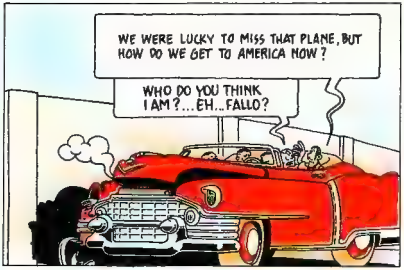


OH, FRED, YOU WERE REALLY TERRIFIC!
QUIET, VEROLA! WE'RE NOT ALONE!
?
GIVE UP! DROP YOUR WEAPON! THE GAME IS OVER!
AAH!
TOC
STOP THAT TOMFOOLERY AND SHOW YOURSELF, LITTLE MONSTER!
YOU'LL COME TO A BAD END YET!
HE SHOULD BE LEARNING A TRADE. COULDN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?
SURE, VEROLA, FOR YOU -- ANYTHING!
LATER:
YOU'VE GOT CROOKED FINGERS, AND THAT'S WORTH A LOT. I'LL MAKE A GOOD PICK-POCKET OUT OF YOU... WATCH ME NOW...
YOU SEE THAT MAN THERE? I'LL BUMP INTO HIM, GIVE YOU HIS WALLET, AND YOU TAKE OFF...
THE CONTENTS WILL BE YOUR FIRST SALARY IF...
...ALL GOES WELL.
WHAT THE FUCK! THAT CAT IS EQUIPPED!
HE'S GOT HIMSELF BUSTED, THE ASSHOLE! THERE GOES MY BREAD!
YOU'VE GOT TALENT, MY BOY... BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT A LOT TO LEARN!


COME ALONG, YOU INTEREST ME
THE MONEY IS JUST WAITING FOR YOU IN THE STATES.
LE PUTOIS
HEY, PALS! I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FRIEND FALLO.
AFTER A FEW DRINKS:
YES, THE BIG AMERICAN CRIME SYNDICATES PAY HIM WELL FOR STAYING AWAY. YOU MUST KNOW THAT MR. SKUNK IS BECOMING TOO DANGEROUS A COMPETITOR FOR THOSE GANGSTERS!
BUT WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?
SAM SKUNK NEEDS US TO MAKE HIS COME BACK...
THE BIG GENTLEMAN SENT THIS OVER.
HMM...THE GENEROUS TYPE, THIS MR. SKUNK.
SAM. HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO GOOD!
COME NOW, FALLO. DON'T BE AN IDIOT HE WAS SHOOTING HIS MOUTH OFF!
PRIVE
DRAT! ARGH MY GIZZARD

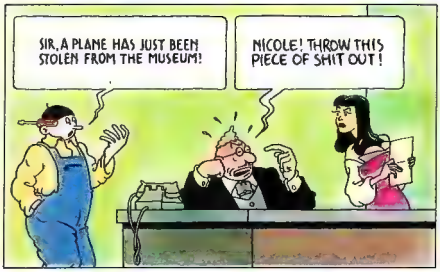

WELL, GENTLEMEN. TIME'S UP. IF WE FOOL AROUND ANY LONGER WE'LL MISS OUR PLANE!
TICK TOCK TICK
GET IN!
MPF....MPF.
LATER:
THAT AUTOGIRO HAS BEEN ON OUR TAIL FOR THE LAST 15 MINUTES!
?
CREEPING CUSTARD... THEY ARE OUT TO GET US!
A TATATA
CHRIII
LOOK OUT, SKUNK! THEY ARE TRYING TO RAM US!
DONDRO
DAMN!... THEY KNOW ABOUT MY COME BACK.
BROO
CRASH
PFF...THAT COULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF US!
WORSE STILL: THERE GOES OUR PLANE!

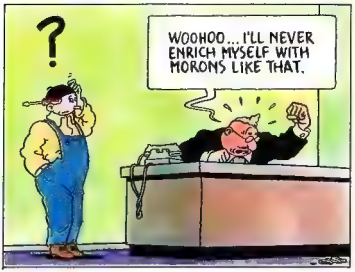


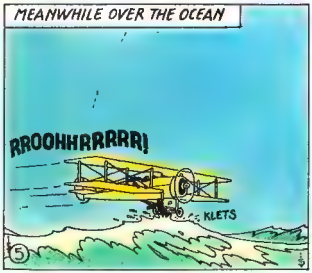

WE WERE LUCKY TO MISS THAT PLANE, BUT HOW DO WE GET TO AMERICA NOW?
WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?... EH... FALLO?

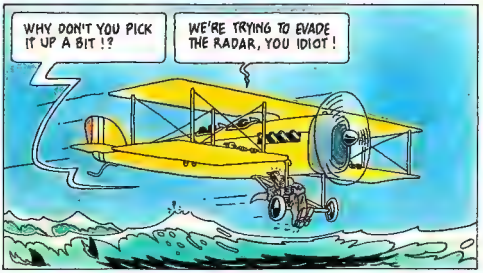
COMPLETELY DESTROYED ..... OF COURSE WE TRIED EVERYTHING TO ... I... I SWEAR..... YES

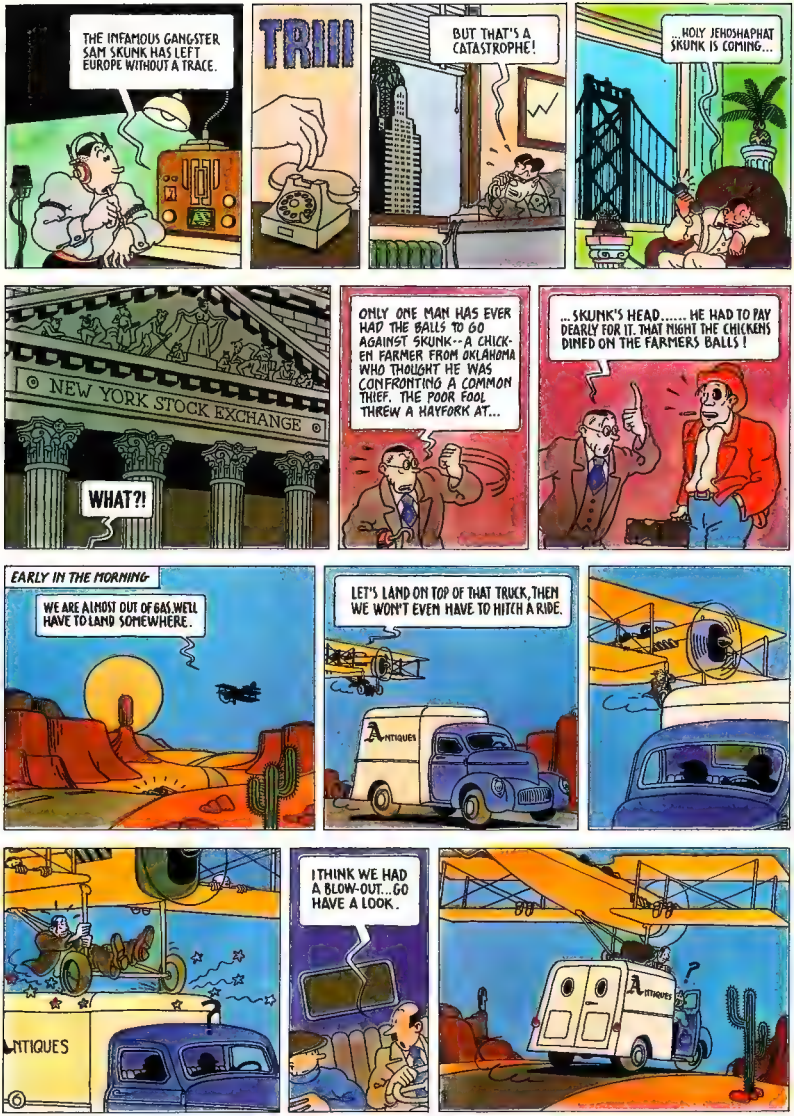
WE DO OUR BEST. THAT'S ALL THEY EVER SAY..... THAT THEY HAVEN'T PILLAGED THE MUSEUM OF AVIATION YET!

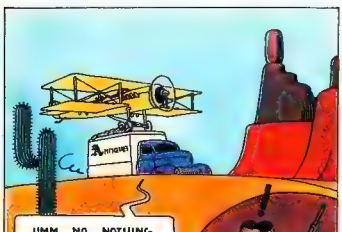

SIR, A PLANE HAS JUST BEEN STOLEN FROM THE MUSEUM!
NICOLE! THROW THIS PIECE OF SHIT OUT!


?
WOOHOO... I'LL NEVER ENRICH MYSELF WITH MORONS LIKE THAT.

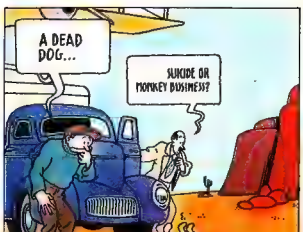

MEANWHILE OVER THE OCEAN
RROOHHRRRRR!
KLETS


WHY DON'T YOU PICK IT UP A BIT!?
WE'RE TRYING TO EVADE THE RADAR, YOU IDIOT!


THE INFAMOUS GANGSTER SAM SKUNK HAS LEFT EUROPE WITHOUT A TRACE.
TRIII
BUT THAT'S A CATASTROPHE!
...HOLY JEHOSHAPHAT SKUNK IS COMING...
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
WHAT?!
ONLY ONE MAN HAS EVER HAD THE BALLS TO GO AGAINST SKUNK--A CHICKEN FARMER FROM OKLAHOMA WHO THOUGHT HE WAS CONFRONTING A COMMON THIEF. THE POOR FOOL THREW A HAYFORK AT...
... SKUNK'S HEAD..... HE HAD TO PAY DEARLY FOR IT. THAT NIGHT THE CHICKENS DINED ON THE FARMERS BALLS !
EARLY IN THE MORNING
WE ARE ALMOST OUT OF GAS. WE'LL HAVE TO LAND SOMEWHERE.
LET'S LAND ON TOP OF THAT TRUCK, THEN WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO HITCH A RIDE.
ANTIQUES
I THINK WE HAD A BLOW-OUT... GO HAVE A LOOK.
ANTIQUES


HMM...NO...NOTHING WRONG WITH THE TYRES.

BUT SOMETHING IS LYING IN THE ROAD.


A DEAD DOG...
SUICIDE OR MONKEY BUSINESS?

HANDS UP, YOU THERE!

...THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS, IT'S USELESS TO RESIST. I'M RUNNING THINGS AROUND HERE AND I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE NOSING IN ON ME.....

DON'T SHOOT! I GIVE UP.
ME TOO

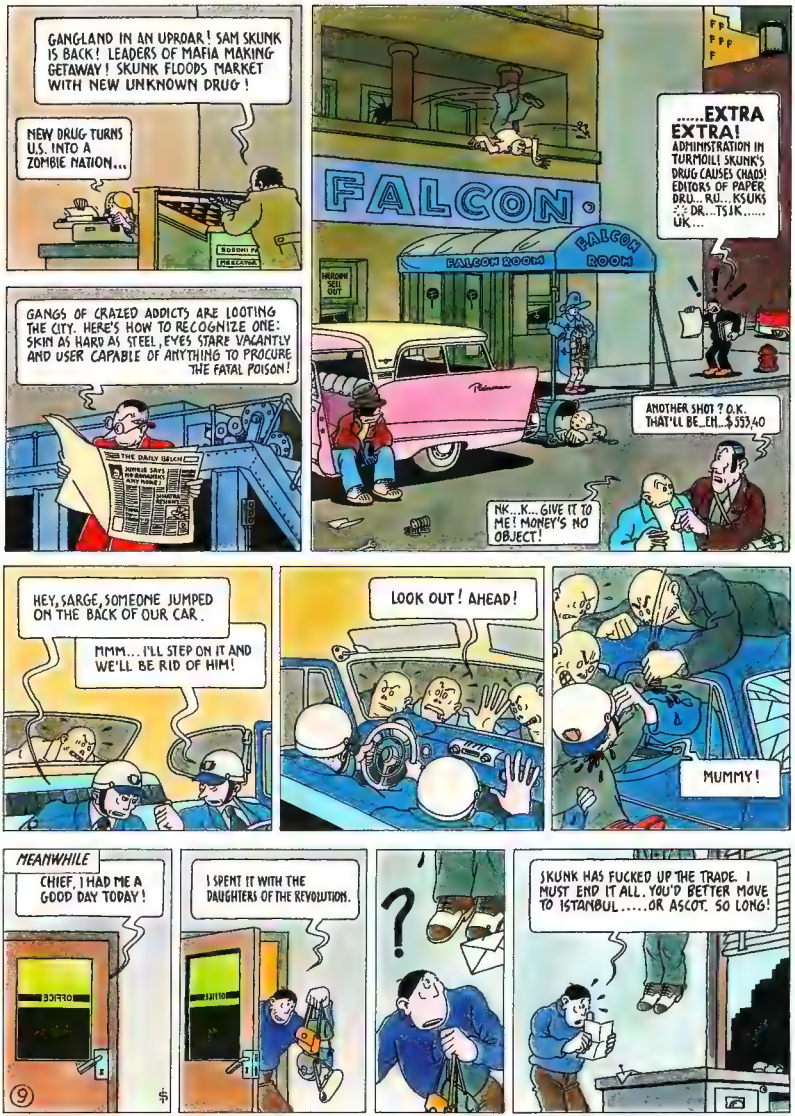
OVER THERE, AND NO KIDDING!

YOU UP THERE! I'LL WAIT NO LONGER!

... DON'T GET SNOTTY WITH ME YOU AMATEUR! HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED YOU'RE DEALING WITH...

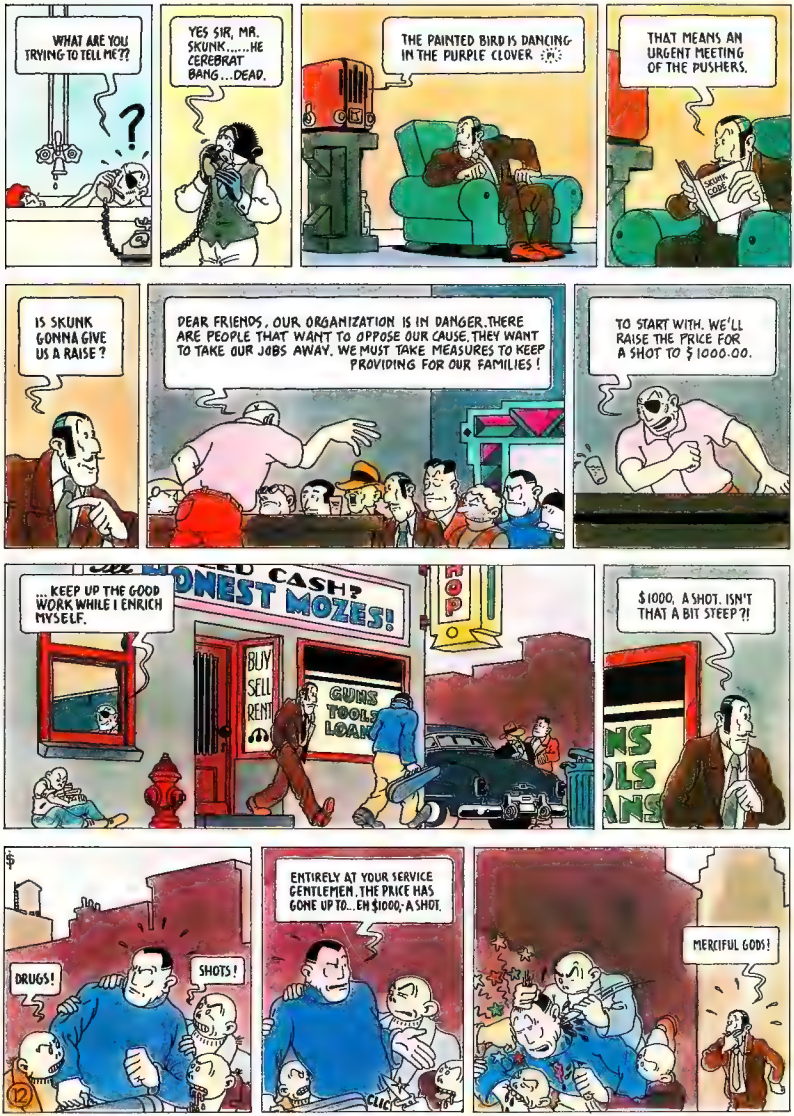
SAM SKUNK!
I GOTTA.... TH THR THROW UP
NTIQUES

OH.. EH...SAM...EXCUSE ME. FULLY AT YOUR SERVICE.
...MMM. LET'S SAY IT WAS AN ERROR FROM YOUR PART. I'LL IGNORE IT IF YOU'LL JOIN ME.
LONG LIVE THE RETURN OF SKUNK OUR EMPEROR!
LONG LIVE SKUNK!
BUT YOU, YOU BUNCH OF MORONS-- YOU CAPITULATED. EXPECT NO MERCY!
TAKE THE PLANE AND GET YOUR ASSES OUTTA HERE !
ANTIQUES
.....OOOOFF! THAT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE !
SCRAM ! TAKE OFF !
SKUNK SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS THEY'LL CERTAINLY GO STRAIGHT TO THE COPS, OR WORSE STRAIGHT TO THE SYNDICATE.
MR. SKUNK, WHY DID YOU LET THEM ESCAPE ?! YOU'RE BEGGING FOR TROUBLE!
YOU THINK SO FALLO? I THINK I SHOULD HAVE SENT YOU WITH THEM.
THERE ARE NO MORE THAN A FEW DROPS OF GAS LEFT IN THAT PLANE.
BROAM


GANGLAND IN AN UPROAR! SAM SKUNK IS BACK! LEADERS OF MAFIA MAKING GETAWAY! SKUNK FLOODS MARKET WITH NEW UNKNOWN DRUG!
NEW DRUG TURNS U.S. INTO A ZOMBIE NATION...
FALCON
FALCON ROOM
FALCON ROOM
HEROINE SELL OUT
.....EXTRA EXTRA! ADMINISTRATION IN TURMOIL! SKUNK'S DRUG CAUSES CHAOS! EDITORS OF PAPER DRU...RU...KSUKS DR...TSIK..... UK...
GANGS OF CRAZED ADDICTS ARE LOOTING THE CITY. HERE'S HOW TO RECOGNIZE ONE: SKIN AS HARD AS STEEL, EYES STARE VACANTLY AND USER CAPABLE OF ANYTHING TO PROCURE THE FATAL POISON!
THE DAILY GELCH
ANOTHER SHOT? O.K. THAT'LL BE...EH...$ 553,40
NK...K... GIVE IT TO ME! MONEY'S NO OBJECT!
HEY, SARGE, SOMEONE JUMPED ON THE BACK OF OUR CAR.
MMM... I'LL STEP ON IT AND WE'LL BE RID OF HIM!
LOOK OUT! AHEAD!
MUMMY!
MEANWHILE
CHIEF, I HAD ME A GOOD DAY TODAY!
I SPENT IT WITH THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.
?
SKUNK HAS FUCKED UP THE TRADE. I MUST END IT ALL. YOU'D BETTER MOVE TO ISTANBUL.....OR ASCOT. SO LONG!
9

MEANWHILE IN A POPPYFIELD IN LAOS
LOOK, LOOK, BUSINESS.
VROO
ENTIRELY AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR... THE NEW CROP LOOKS VERY PROMISING.
PSSST. DO NOT TRUST THAT MAN!
THIS IS EXCELLENT OPIUM. WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON QUALITY.
IT'S... UH, A COP!
BUT BEFORE YOU STATE YOUR WISHES... HOW YOU GOING TO PAY?
TREASON.
PAF!
VROO
A MESSAGE FROM THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY: AGENT NOFACE MUST RETURN TO NEW YORK RIGHT AWAY TO TAKE CARE OF IMPORTANT MATTERS!
IN NEW YORK
FULL GARBAGE CANS..... HMMM!
AND WHERE WILL THEY BE TRANSPORTED TO?
EUROPE.

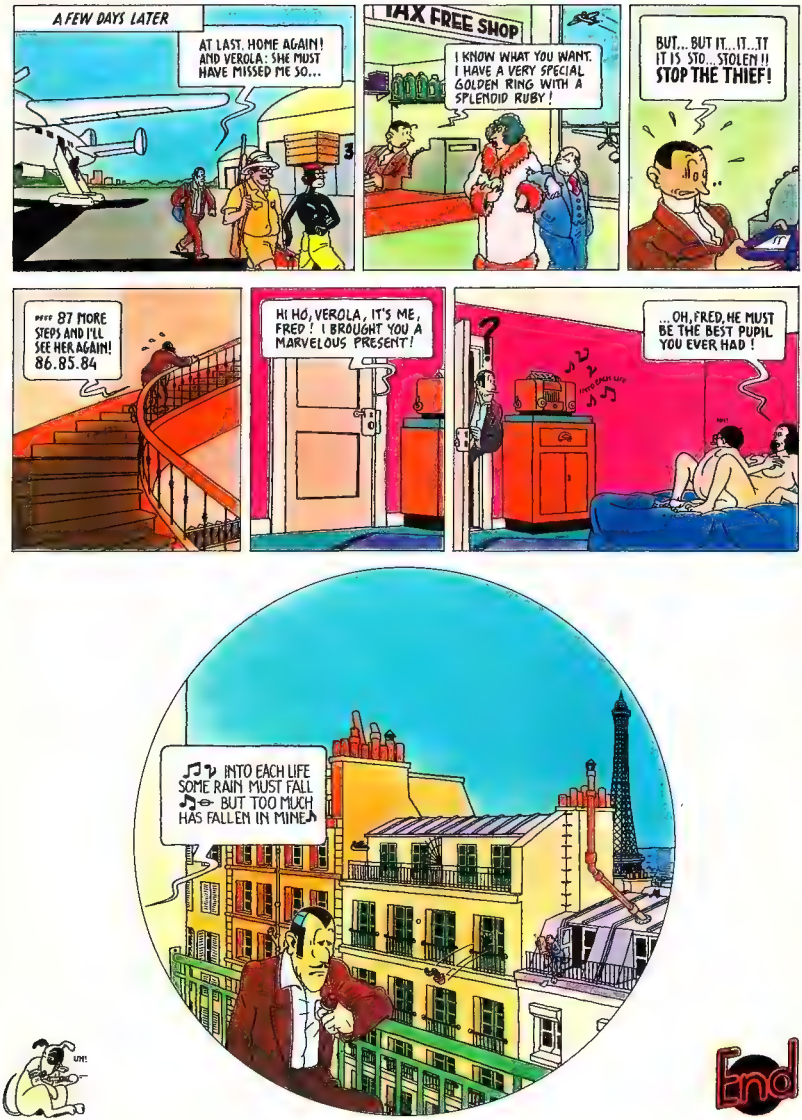
HERE'S THE ADDRESS
IT SHOULD BE HERE.
CEREBRAT
VOX
DING -A LING
OPEN THE DOOR, CEREBRAT.
LISTEN, PROFESSOR, AND LISTEN GOOD: WHY DO YOU IMPORT FILLED GARBAGE CANS FROM THE U.S.?
I'LL TELL HIM THE TRUTH: THAT HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE.
WELL, SIR, SINCE I'M AN INVENTOR AND CAST OUT GENIUS...
SKUNK ASKED ME TO DEVELOP A DRUG THAT WAS STRONGER AND CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER DRUG...
?
PANG
...A DOSE OF THIS DRUG IS MADE UP OF THE CONCENTRATED CONTENTS OF AN AMERICAN GARBAGE CAN...
...THAT'S ALL. AND HOW WILL THE TRUTH BE REWARDED?
11


WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME??
YES SIR, MR. SKUNK.....HE CEREBRAT BANG...DEAD.
THE PAINTED BIRD IS DANCING IN THE PURPLE CLOVER
THAT MEANS AN URGENT MEETING OF THE PUSHERS.
SKUNK FOOD
IS SKUNK GONNA GIVE US A RAISE?
DEAR FRIENDS, OUR ORGANIZATION IS IN DANGER. THERE ARE PEOPLE THAT WANT TO OPPOSE OUR CAUSE. THEY WANT TO TAKE OUR JOBS AWAY. WE MUST TAKE MEASURES TO KEEP PROVIDING FOR OUR FAMILIES!
TO START WITH, WE'LL RAISE THE PRICE FOR A SHOT TO $1000.00.
CASH?
ONEST MOZES!
BUY SELL RENT
GUNS TOOLS LOAN
POP
...KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK WHILE I ENRICH MYSELF.
$1000. A SHOT. ISN'T THAT A BIT STEEP?!
$
DRUGS!
SHOTS!
ENTIRELY AT YOUR SERVICE GENTLEMEN. THE PRICE HAS GONE UP TO... EH $1000,- A SHOT.
CLIC
MERCIFUL GODS!

OFFED BY THE ADDICTS, THE LIVING DEAD...
U.S. MAIL
WHAT WILL BE IN STORE FOR ME ?!
I'LL ADDRESS THEM POLITELY.
!
KEEP COOL, GENTLEMEN. THAT'S BETTER FOR EVERYONE.
WOULD YOU TRY TO DRAG US DOWN ? THINK ABOUT OUR FAMILIES, OUR ECONOMY! AND WHAT IS $1000,- NOWADAYS ? AND WHAT'S IT GONNA BE AFTER THE INFLATION-SPECTRE HAS STRUCK ?! EH ?... EH ?... EH ?
?
KILL HIM!
GIMME MA SHOT!
?
MOTHER.
PAWN SHOP
NO LEFT TURN
LOANS RENT SELL BUY
CARUSO barber
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!
?
TAKE IT ALL, YOU IDIOTS!

PFFFH..
?
HEY, SKUNK, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? YOU LET US DO ALL THE WORK AND...
YOU'RE TRYING TO SNEAK OUT WITH THE LOOT ?!
?
DON'T BE AFRAID, FALLO! HERE'S YOUR SHARE!
...SO, NOW YOU WON'T TALK.
IN A FEW MINUTES YOUR MEMORY WILL HAVE VANISHED FOREVER.
SHIT... MY CAREER
...YOUR BRAIN WILL ROT AWAY INSIDE YOUR CRANIUM. TONIGHT YOU'LL BE A ZOMBIE JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS !!
...WELL, I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH YOUR TROUBLES, FALLO. I'M IN A HURRY !
SO LONG!
BUT I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING YET.
NOT SO FAST SKUNK YOUR GAME IS UP.

YOUR ATROCIOUS PLANS FELL THROUGH. FALLO IS MY WITNESS.
FALLO? HE WON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE, HE'S A DEGENERATE ADDICT! ENSLAVED BY THE NEEDLE.
I DON'T THINK SO, SKUNK. I HAD A GROUP OF GOURMET COOKS PREPARE THOUSANDS OF DELICIOUS DINNERS AND THEN...
...I TOLD THEM TO THROW IT ALL IN THE GARBAGE CANS THE CANS YOU KNOW SO WELL !!
OOH, WHAT A PITY !
PITY ? HAH, PERHAPS IT SAVED YOUR LIFE. BECAUSE SKUNK'S LAB DID NOT PRODUCE THEIR.....
..... USUAL DRUG BASED ON GARBAGE, NO, IT WAS BASED ON DELICACIES THIS TIME !
SKUNK IS DONE BROWN. THEY'LL HANG HIM!
WELL, NOW THAT YOUR CRIMINAL CAREER HAS FINISHED, YOU'D BETTER WORK FOR US-- YOU WOULD MAKE A PERFECT LEADER.
YOU'RE NO FOOL, YOU KNOW HOW TO ORGANIZE.
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE
YOU HAVE THE RESPECT OF THE UNDERWORLD.
FOOD
TAR
HOT SYSTEM FOR $5--
15 $


A FEW DAYS LATER
AT LAST, HOME AGAIN! AND VEROLA: SHE MUST HAVE MISSED ME SO...
TAX FREE SHOP
I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT. I HAVE A VERY SPECIAL GOLDEN RING WITH A SPLENDID RUBY!
BUT... BUT IT... IT... IT IT IS STO... STOLEN!! STOP THE THIEF!
87 MORE STEPS AND I'LL SEE HER AGAIN! 86.85.84
HI HO, VEROLA, IT'S ME, FRED! I BROUGHT YOU A MARVELOUS PRESENT!
...OH, FRED, HE MUST BE THE BEST PUPIL YOU EVER HAD!
INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL BUT TOO MUCH HAS FALLEN IN MINE
UH!
End

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Yuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes. Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Ths Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gouratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet,

Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape. ." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomsculpt," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kulata's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

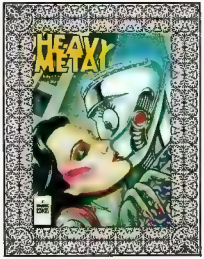
#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins. "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.



#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the *HM* interview.

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Enchantme

by Doris Vallejo
Illustrated by Boris Vallejo

Dragonprince

"Have you had many lovers?" the Dragon asked in a casual tone the Princess had come to recognize as a warning He was stretched out in front of his cave. absentmindedly singeing the grass around some ants. As they scuttled away, he singed the grass in their wake. The Princess would have asked him to stop had she noticed. At the moment she was too busy massaging the iridescent green hide of his back. It gave her pleasure to do this because she knew he liked it.

"None like you," she said. "None as strong and brave."

The Dragon had made a flamboyant display of his courage at their first meeting, diving several hundred treacherous feet into a ravine to retrieve the Princess's golden apple. She had been heartbroken when it fell down there; had in fact briefly considered flinging herself after it. What she did instead was to collapse sobbing at the edge of the ravine. And then the Dragon appeared.

He offered to get the apple for her if she would make love with him afterwards Naturally she was taken aback. It was outrageous. And from a dragon no less. But, recovering from her outrage, she thought: Why not? After all, being desired is a compliment regardless of the circumstances. In addition, he can't be any worse than some of the noblemen I've had. And besides, he may not really be a dragon. For all I know, he's an enchanted prince.

To her delight the Dragon turned out to have a pretty accomplished erotic technique. She particularly enjoyed certain effects he could produce with his fiery breath, making it ripple up and down her body like small, electric, singing waves.

"You are evading my question," the Dragon said.

She smiled at him. How well he knew her. It was almost as though he could read her heart. "I'm sorry," she said. "I just don't see how the others can matter now."

"Because I want to know all about you," was the answer. "It excites me to

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hear about the others; appeals to the voyeur in me, I suppose. And . . ." Here he paused, as if gathering the necessary strength to continue. "I suppose that, having a dragon's typical insecurities, I want to know how I measure up against real men."

"Well . . ." the Princess began uneasily, not too happy about complying with his request but nevertheless saying to herself, 'Oh, what the hell, how can it hurt?' "There was Rolando, who I was immensely attracted to though we had nothing at all in common. Can you imagine, he once said to me: What's the point of looking at the stars when they are so far away and there's plenty to look at right

here on Earth."

"Obviously a man infatuated with mediocrity," the Dragon said.

"He was a palace guard," the Princess continued, "and married to boot So the relationship had its limitations built in right from the start. Not only did we always have to meet when he wanted to and never when I did, but there was the guilt. Always the guilt. As if his infidelity was somehow my fault."

"An emotional cripple," the Dragon said, dismissing Rolando in half a sentence. "Was he the only one?"

"There was Justin. He not only found it interesting to look at the stars, he could name them and the constellations they were in, where they could be found in the sky and so on. But he would think nothing of making love and getting up as soon as he was finished to study his astronomical charts."

"Anymore?" the Dragon ingenuously asked with no hint that, when it suited him, he would use these stories against her, would call her a pushover, a worthless cunt, and a whore in heat.

"Yes, of course there were others; always the wrong ones," the Princess said. "I wanted so very much to be loved. For years I dreamed of the prince who would come to me from somewhere far away. I used to talk about him, about what he would look like and be like I used to have imaginary conversations with him."

"You are beautiful," the Dragon said. He rolled on his side and drew her to him. "You are beautiful," he repeated huskily, pinning her against the grass with his powerful forepaws. In less than two hours he would call her ordinary looking, a shade too large in the hips, and, what was worse, disgustingly pale. It was a great shame, he would coldly tell her, that she lacked green pigmentation. No doubt this was because she had spent so much time above ground as opposed to in the revitalizing darkness of caves.

Framed against a magnificent sweep of tree-covered hills and the blue sky, his great bulk seemed small and vulnerable.

"You are beautiful, too," she breathed, quite meaning it.

"Don't ever leave me," he murmured.

And so they dreamed each other. Their dreams were enchanted. They became marvelous miraculous creatures, part bird, part fish, part human. They could fly clear to the sky. They could flash, silver finned, through the deepest oceans. They could promise each other eternal love.

"Yours is a classic case of insufficient parental affection," the Dragon said. "Am I right or am I right?" They had gone for a swim in the lagoon near his cave and were sunning themselves on a rock.

The Princess thought this over carefully. "They did love me. They do love me. I never doubted it in my head, you know. The difficulty has been, at times, believing it in my heart."

"The head and the heart are connected," the Dragon said, "however abstruse that connection may seem."

"My father believes in God, the power of wealth, and the inferiority of women. It doesn't make him an easy man to get close to, at least not for me."

The Dragon agreed that the King had distinct shortcomings as a father although he will later call the Princess goddamn manipulative with her wimpy ways and will, moreover, express the opinion that the King kept her at arms length out of an admirably developed sense of self-preservation.

"My problems with the Queen were of an entirely different sort," the Princess said "To begin with, she's a witch."

"You mean the kind that rides on broomsticks?" The Dragon's green ears suddenly became very pointy.

"She wouldn't be caught dead on a broomstick," the Princess laughed. "But you should see the assortment of frog toes and lizard eyes and other motley goodies she has for mixing magic potions."

"There's nothing motley about lizard eyes," the Dragon observed dryly.

"Oh, she can do wonderful things with them," the Princess said. "I've seen her throw pieces of broken glass into her cauldron and take out real diamonds."

"Can she tell the future?" the Dragon wanted to know. Upon hearing that she could, he sighed wistfully.

"Often enough I've wished that she couldn't," the Princess said. "For one thing, she's maddeningly conceited about it. And, for another, kindness and tact are not her strong points. She positively delights in grim futures. Or else she tells the future in riddles so you don't know anymore when she's finished than you did at the start."

"If you're too dull to unravel riddles, that is." The Dragon's long red tongue suddenly unfurled to trap a scarlet and blue butterfly in midflight. In an instant the butterfly had disappeared into his mouth. The Princess pretended not to have seen. Whether he'd done it to shock her or because, imprisoned within a dragon's body, he had no choice, she was not sure. It seemed best, therefore, to look the other way.

"I once asked her what the prince of my dreams would look like, and this was her idea of a clever answer." The Princess sat up very straight to display the monster that had been tattooed on her midriff. "It didn't tickle in the least when she did it, I can tell you "

The Dragon was quite taken with the colorful tattoo, which, despite the intimacy of their relationship, he hadn't noticed before. He praised the artwork and decided, after studying it a bit, that it bore a certain resemblance to him. "A remarkable woman, your mother," he said. "I want to meet her."

This proposal made the Princess decidedly apprehensive. Though her parents professed a sufficiency of liberal ideas (And why shouldn't they? In the past witches had been burned at the stake whereas now they were being courted and fussed about to an almost imbecilic degree.) in practice their code of do's and don'ts was disappointingly conservative. She could well imagine their reaction to her bringing along a dragon as a dinner guest. "Well . . ." she hedged, "I know my parents are both quite busy these next few weeks and—"

"What is it?" the Dragon said. "Don't tell me I'm good enough for a roll in the grass, but not as an escort to the ball."

The Princess assured him that this was not, most certainly not, the case. But secretly she berated herself. I'm the one who is really a dragon, she thought, for putting a nice face on what is, in truth, hypocrisy.

The Dragon, sensing his advantage, pressed his case in a pained, brave voice. He understood how she might find it awkward to be seen with him. She needn't explain. They were not, after all, your conventional couple. He just thought being close as they were and understanding each other as well as they did would have neutralized, to some extent, their external differences. So, it turned out that he was wrong. He didn't blame her for that; for his error in judgment. He was only sorry because such a meeting might have changed so many things for the better.

"I'm truly a beast," the Princess said.

"You are a beauty," the Dragon announced magnanimously.

"You are dear and funny and wise."

"I had only hoped that the Queen, having the talents she has . . ." Here he paused to lend the following words drama. "You see, I wasn't always a dragon. I was born a prince. An evil witch cast a spell on me changing me into this shape when I was quite young. I have tried not to become bitter. It is, after all, one of the things that can happen in life. But growing up as a dragon, growing up friendless, distrusted, everyone always expecting the worst from you, is difficult. Since you are an only child and know about loneliness, perhaps you can appreciate this to some degree. Children are cruel, as you may know, and I can tell you, contrary to the old saying, sticks and stones didn't come near breaking my bones but the names I was called did hurt me.

"I developed a fear of people. And I spent more and more time in my cave, sneaking out only when I was sure no one was around. I used to dream of the time when I would have my revenge by turning into a prince and becoming the envy of all those who hated me."

"I'm just afraid for you, that's all," the Princess said. "I wouldn't want some boor to make upsetting remarks."

"I'm not afraid." The Dragon saw imminent victory

"You're so much stronger than I am."

"It's not a matter of strength but the triumph of hope. You see, I do have great

hope that the queen will break the spell that keeps me a dragon. We could be so happy together then."

Moved by this speech, which coincided with her own dearest hopes, the Princess ignored her misgivings and arranged for the Dragon to come to dinner at the palace. The evening was a disaster.

It started in a civilized fashion with cocktails and polite, if strained, conversation. The Dragon was eager to ingratiate himself. He was also nervous. He drank four martinis in succession. The olives made him burp and greenish-gray smoke shot from his nostrils each time. He chattered incessantly and with increasing tempo on a variety of subjects calculated to fascinate his hosts: the decrease in swampland during the dry season and the concomitant decrease in the edible insect population; the longevity of dragons (six-hundred years) and how this might well be attributed to the six-year incubation period of the dragon embryo.

When he began to suspect he was losing their attention, he switched to a repertoire of lewd jokes and then to an embarrassingly inept series of animal imitations. Clearly, he had no tolerance for the combination of martinis and the wine he guzzled with his oysters on the half shell. For his bird of paradise imitation he spread his front legs out wide (to represent the bird spreading its wings) and knocked over the huge crystal wine decanter. The wine splashed all over the white tablecloth, as well as on the Princess's new satin gown. Generally prepared for catastrophes of all sorts, she simply began to blot it with a napkin. He, however, leaped wildly from his chair, causing it to fall over backwards with a resounding crash. The echo of that crash seemed to go on forever.

The Queen took her daughter aside and asked her what the devil she wanted with such a weirdo.

"You've seen him at his worst," the Princess said. "It's unfair to judge him by that. He can really be very charming. Besides, he loves me."

"In my book, he's a creep," the Queen replied.

The King who basically had not expected too much, was nevertheless puzzled by his daughter's choice in a swain. "Where in the world did you unearth him?" he wanted to know. Upon hearing the story of the golden apple, how the Dragon had risked his life, the condition he'd posed, but how he really loved her, he said: "To be honest with you, I don't much care for having a dragon as a son-in-law. So in case you happen to be thinking in that direction, you can do an about face. On the other hand, I'll grant you that an agreement is an agreement and, if you made it, you have to stick to it. I'm behind you all the way on that."

There it was: approval and disapproval all rolled up into one. Even if she lived as long as dragons did she would never be unequivocally in the right. But there was another thing that rankled. the Dragon's inveterate nastiness. After their brief periods of intimacy and happiness, he actually seemed to flee into rancor.

Of course, she realized, this was all due to his insecurity. Who, having once been a prince, wouldn't become insecure at one day finding himself to be a dragon? It was only natural. It was, perhaps, also natural that he was jealous of her past lovers. But his relentless carping on the subject, his disparaging criticisms were hard to take. He berated her for not having scaly skin and being unable to belch flames; for not managing to breathe under water or see in the dark; for being too cowardly to have fetched her own apple out of the ravine, too sexually inhibited to enjoy his fiery breath when it got really hot.

She recognized all this as simply being an unfortunate expression of his love for her. Yet it burdened her heavily in the long run. She knew it would probably go on for years. Still, she could hardly expect to save him, hardly expect to help him change back into a prince if she did not persevere. And there were good periods. The Dragon composed lovely poetry for her. She was his muse, he told her. This is what he recited by way of an apology one afternoon when they hadn't been speaking since morning:

I awake
my eyes full of dreaming
brim with tears
to find you real

Emptiness
that steered my heart across deserts
to you
has faded like time
into the sand.

"If your love can't turn me back into a prince, no one's can," he said when he finished.

Loving him was like plunging into the deep, deep sea at the bottom of which a treasure might lie. Loving him was quenching a lifelong thirst. Oh, she loved him from the molten core of herself clear out to her fingertips. He was all she had ever lost and stood to find again.

"If I lose you I will lose my mind," he cried to her in a voice like summer rain, full of the promises of jeweled rainbows.

Yet joy is fragile, a delicate silver shadow, shattered as readily as fine glass.

He had singed off all her pubic hair with his breath (quite deliberately, she suspected) so that her sex was suddenly bare and smooth as a peach. "Kinkily provocative-looking," he observed before he realized how angry she was about it. Subsequently he denied having anything to do with the "accident," which he came to blame on her own dragon tattoo. This was the age of magic and miracles, wasn't it? Well, the tattoo had miraculously, if only for an instant, come to life. He had distinctly seen it happen out of the corner of his eye.

At first she didn't believe he was serious. When she saw that he was, she asked tenderly if he was feeling all right. He actually snapped at her with his great gaping mouth. After that she half expected him to start foaming at the mouth, to suffer a convulsion, to fall down and beat his head against the ground or present some other evidence of having gone fatally mad. But he spoke coolly and disdainfully. He knew what he had seen. Her own dragon had caused the damage. If she chose not to believe him, that was her affair. He refused to shoulder the responsibility for her shortcomings—her paranoia, her lack of good faith, her ill humor, and so on. He scowled. He spoke through a tight, barely moving mouth. His thick iridescent tail, which she so admired, thumped the ground with impatience.

She turned and ran into the woods. The trees and hanging vines flew past her like phantoms, like mist, not quite real. In a delirium she ran from him, cursing him, calling him crazy, calling herself crazy to have stayed with him as long as she had. She might have raced on clear to the palace except that she ran out of breath. When she slowed down, the trees, the vines, the path she followed became solid and real again. She smelled smoke and came to a full stop. Let him burn himself to a crisp. Let him burn the whole forest down for all I care, I won't go back, she said to herself even as she turned around.

The fire he'd started wasn't particularly big. Only about half an acre of dry grass went. It just smoked badly. Even after the fire was out, soot smudged the sky for hours.

"I'm doomed," he moaned when she found him. "I've destroyed the most wonderful thing in my life: your love for me. I have no right to it anymore. What do I, the most miserable creature in the universe, have to offer you, after all? A lifetime of living with an outcast? Of living as an outcast? You were right to leave. The noblest thing I ever did was to drive you away. My deepest wish is for your happiness. I am lost, wholly lost. I see that now. Not even you can save me. The best thing for you to do is go."

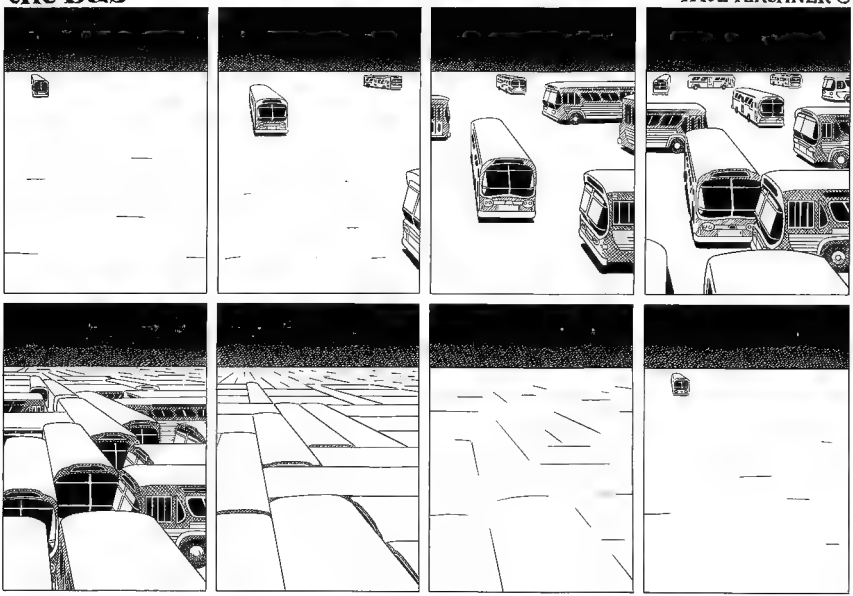
Naturally she stayed. They did not live happily ever after nor did they live entirely unhappy. Their pattern was one of fights, reconciliations, and periods of truce. They grew accustomed to it. Mysterious fires were spotted in the forest from time to time. The townspeople grew accustomed to that.

The Dragon remained a Dragon. Though his claim to have been a prince was wishful invention; his tale of the wicked witch and her spell was brazen fabrication.

From the upcoming book,* Enchantment *(Ballantine Books) due out this month.

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



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The return of *Alice in Wonderland*: the phenomena continues.
Gallery: A look at Philip Jose Farmer's *The Grand Adventure*.

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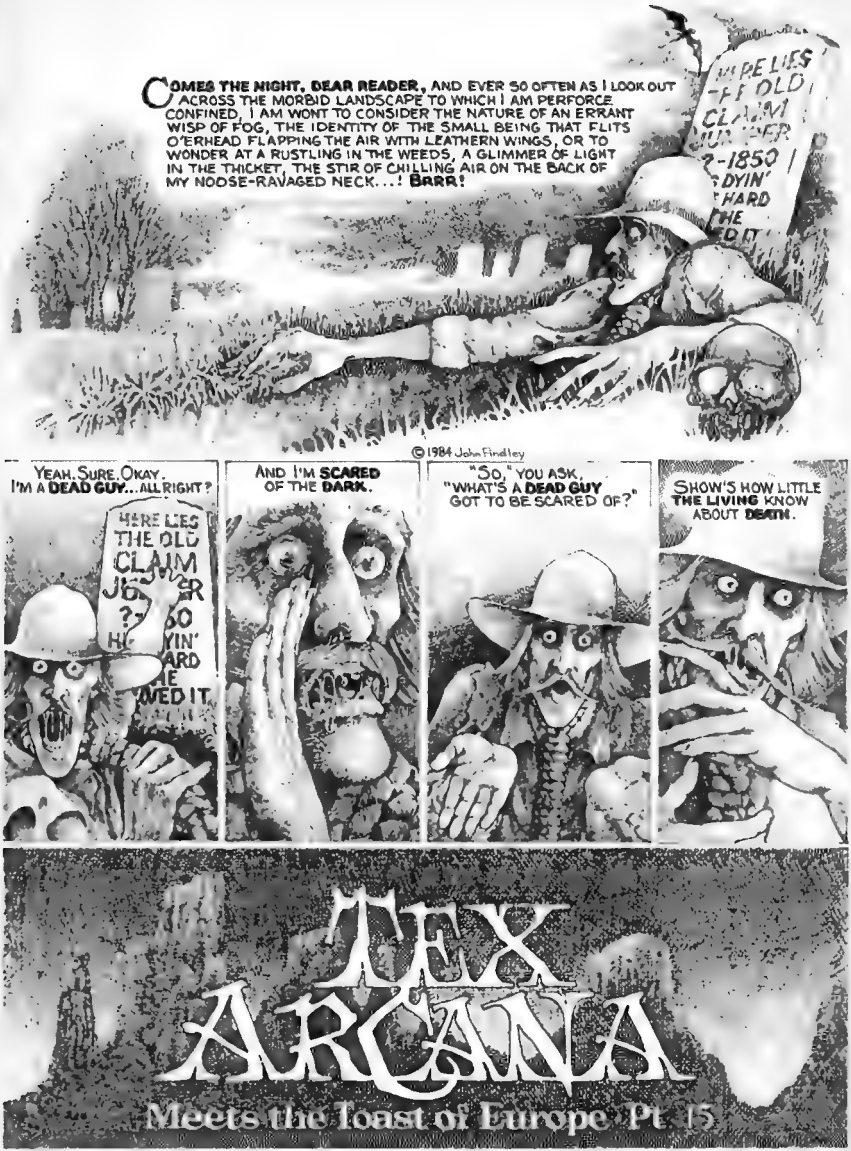
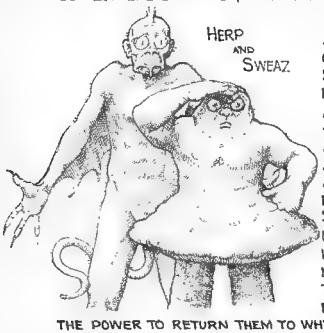

COMES THE NIGHT, DEAR READER, AND EVER SO OFTEN AS I LOOK OUT ACROSS THE MORBID LANDSCAPE TO WHICH I AM PERFORCE CONFINED, I AM WONT TO CONSIDER THE NATURE OF AN ERRANT WISP OF FOG, THE IDENTITY OF THE SMALL BEING THAT FLITS O'ERHEAD FLAPPING THE AIR WITH LEATHERN WINGS, OR TO WONDER AT A RUSTLING IN THE WEEDS, A GLIMMER OF LIGHT IN THE THICKET, THE STIR OF CHILLING AIR ON THE BACK OF MY NOOSE-RAVAGED NECK...! BARR!
©1984 John Findley
YEAH. SURE. OKAY. I'M A DEAD GUY... ALL RIGHT?
AND I'M SCARED OF THE DARK.
"SO," YOU ASK, "WHAT'S A DEAD GUY GOT TO BE SCARED OF?"
SHOW'S HOW LITTLE THE LIVING KNOW ABOUT DEATH.
TEX ARCANA
Meets the Toast of Europe Pt. 15

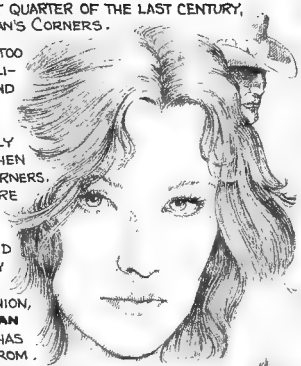
Synopsis

Our story takes place sometime during the last quarter of the last century, somewhere Out West, in or near the small town of Hangman's Corners.



Herp and Sweaz

Under circumstances too absurd, ghastly and complicated to describe, **Herp** and **Sweaz**, two undersized beings from another time and space - demons, actually - were conjured up and then abandoned in Hangman's Corners. Accused of indecent exposure and **jailed** by a group of bluenosed bigots, Herp and Sweaz **escaped** and embarked upon an event-filled odyssey in search of **Tex Arcana** and, more particularly, his companion, the magic and mystical **Woman in White** who, they believe, has the power to return them to wherever it is that they come from.



Meanwhile, the local **sheriff**, a simple good-hearted soul who feels responsible for the circumstances and well-being of the two small strangers, has ridden out into the wilderness to find them before they come to some sort of harm. Accompanying the sheriff is a disparate assembly of variously-motivated **volunteers**. One of these, an oddly individualistic character named **Buffalo Wade**, actually encountered Herp and Sweaz as they were investigating a bizarre and **grisly corpse**. But this was prior to his meeting up with the sheriff and the search party so, having no idea who, or indeed, what Herp and Sweaz were, fired upon them. Fortunately, Wade missed and the two were unharmed.

Now, it is at this point that the two principle directions of our story intersect, because the abovementioned grisly corpse is one of a series of unfortunate victims of an abominably vile spector called **Herr Kleid** who is able to gain a physical substance by the possession and occupation of cloth fabric.* This-**goblin**, is what he **is**- accompanies and exerts some strange hold upon **Nunzio Pagano**, violinist extraordinaire and self-styled **Toast of Europe**, who has come to Hangman's Corners to perform a "one night stand" at the **Noose and Gibbet Saloon**. Kleid and Pagano have taken rooms at the staid boarding house of the eminently respectable **Widow Burns**.

Maestro Pagano and Herr Kleid

It is here that Kleid finds his next two victims, the comely **Paloma Sue**, who was rescued from a hideous death by the intervention of Pagano, and the revolting **Widow Black** who was not rescued and whose hideous death spawned a curious mystery when it was discovered, during a preliminary post-mortem examination, that the long-time resident of Hangman's Corners was, in point of fact, a **man**. But, **who?**

As we rejoin our story, the Widow Burns is discussing aspects of the mystery with Doc Mason, the town physician and medical examiner.

Doc Mason and the Widow Burns

* I'm sorry. I'm unable to resist mentioning the pun: he actually materializes !!

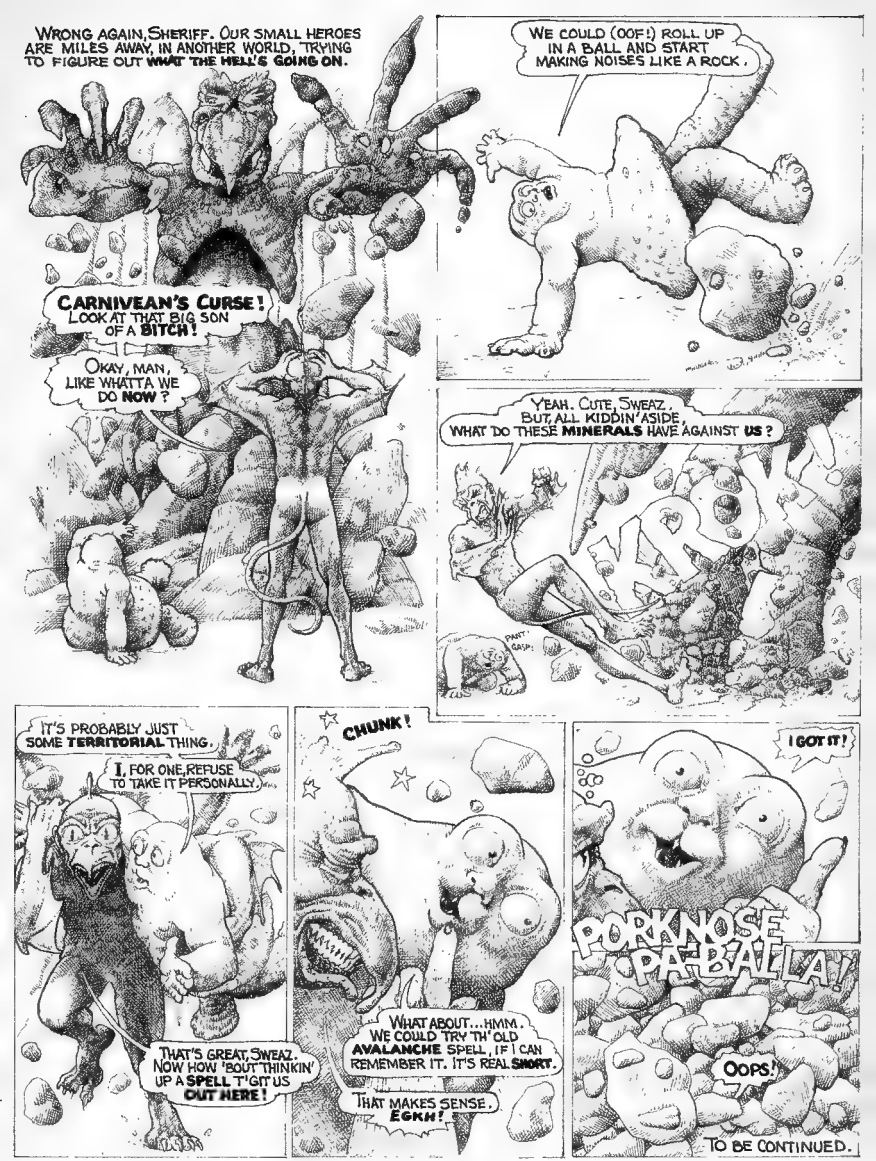
THE BODY IS IN A FRIGHTFUL CONDITION.
YOU SAW HOW THE BEDCLOTHES WERE TWISTED AND KNOTTED AROUND HER...HIM, SO TIGHTLY.
BONES WERE BROKEN, PULLED FROM THEIR SOCKETS AND THE INTERNAL ORGANS SEEM TO HAVE SUFFERED MASSIVE DAMAGE.
OF COURSE, I'LL HAVE TO DO AN AUTOPSY.
DOC, HOW COULD SUCH A THING HAPPEN?
I DON'T KNOW, HETTIE! I'VE NEVER SEEN...
RINGADING-DING!!
WHO COULD THAT BE?
IT'S DEPUTY CALLAHAN AND YOUNG BENJAMIN HAVERSTRAW.
DRAT! YOU DON'T THINK THE DEPUTY FOUND OUT ABOUT MILDRED, DO YOU?
I HAD HOPED TO KEEP IT QUIET UNTIL THE SHERIFF RETURNED.
NO WAY, HETTIE. I'D BE SURPRISED IF THE WHOLE TOWN DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT

GOOD EVENING, DEPUTY... BENJAMIN.
EVENIN', MIZ BURNS.
EVENIN', MA'AM.
COME IN, WON'T YOU.
I BELIEVE IT'S WELL PAST YOUR BEDTIME, BEN. DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?
YES, MA'AM.
I EXPECT YOU'RE HERE ABOUT POOR MILDRED.
MI-MILDRED? YA MEAN WIDDER BLACK?
WIDDA BLYUCK!
NO, WE... UH, OR, HOWDY, DOC.
DEPUTY.
NO, WE COME T'SPEAK T'THIS HERE MR. PAGANO ON A MATTER O'BUSINESS.
I'M AFRAID MR. PAGANO HAS GONE OUT AND I HAVE NO IDEA WHEN HE'LL RETURN.
WULL, UH... AIN'T A WHOLE LOTTA PLACES HE COULD BE. LET'S SEE....
ANYHOW, IT WERE THAT WEIRD LI'L GUY I MADE TH' DEAL WITH.
4

YOU MADE A DEAL WITH... WHOM? MR. PAGANO'S SERVANT? MR. KLEID?
T'PUT UP TH' ADVERTISIN' BILLS. YES, MA'AM.
BEN, HERE, AIN'T BEEN PAID, Y'SEE. OL' JAKE HAVERSTRAW'S HAVIN' EV'RY KIND OF A FIT. FIGGER'N AS HOW TH' KID'S BEEN CHEATED AN' NOW THEY'RE GONNA LOSE TH' FARM...
...AN' GONNA HAFTA MOVE BACK T'ALABAMA!
IMAGINE THAT!
THE EXPLANATION IS SIMPLE. MR. KLEID HAS NOT PAID YOU BECAUSE HE IS ILL. HE HAS BEEN CONFINED TO HIS BED EVER SINCE HE ARRIVED. I'VE YET TO LAY EYES ON THE GENTLEMAN.
NOW RUN ALONG HOME AND GET TO BED. AND TELL YOUR FATHER YOU WILL BE PAID.
MUCH OBLIGED MIZ BURNS!
G'NIGHT, FOLKS.
OH! I HADN'T REALIZED WHAT A STRAIN THE LAST TWENTY FOUR HOURS HAVE BEEN.
COULD WE CONTINUE OUR DISCUSSION TOMORROW.
GOOD IDEA. I'LL KNOW MORE AFTER THE AUTOPSY, ANYHOW.
GOOD NIGHT, THEN, UNTIL... OH, WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR?
OF COURSE.
WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP BY MABEL SLUCK'S OFFICE AND FIND OUT WHO HOLDS THE MORTGAGE ON THE HAVERSTRAW PLACE?
I'D BE GLAD TO, HETTIE, FIRST THING IN TH' MORNIN'. BUT NOW, BEFORE I LEAVE, I THINK I'LL LOOK IN ON THIS MR. KLEID. SEE IF I CAN BE OF SOME HELP.
5

MEANWHILE, A SHORT DAY'S RIDE WEST...
IF YOU SAY THEY WUZ ARMED, THEY WUZ ARMED.
I RECKON THEY COULDA THROWED 'EM AWAY 'FORE THEY GOT T'ME.
THEY WERE ARMED.
'TAIN'T LIKE FOLKS T'THROW AWAY GUNS
THEY AREN'T FOLKS
GASP!
AH, GAWD, SHERIFF! YA DONE SPILT ALL THE FLAMED COFFEE!
WHAT'S WRONG, SHERIFF?
WH WHUD YOU JUS' SAY?!
ALL I SAID WAS "THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH, HORATIO..."
SHHH! JEEZ!
UMP!
HOW'D YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THAT?!
SH-SHAKESPEARE. HAMLET!
MISTER, I BIN KEEPIN' THAT A SECRET FER YEARS!
ROGER! YOU AIN'T DOIN' NUTHIN' ARE YA, SON? HOW 'BOUT YA RUSTLE US UP ANOTHER POT O'COFFEE.
6

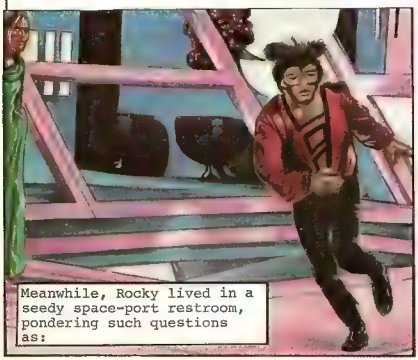
LOOK, YER A NEWCOMER. THIS-HERE'S TH' WILD WEST. HOW MUCH RESPECT YOU THINK I'D GET AS A SHERIFF...
NOPE. I DON' FEEL LIKE NO COFFEE.
NO, YOU DON' UNNERSTAN'. I'M SAYIN' YOU SHOULD...
...IF THEM FELLERS KNOWED MY NAME WAS HORATIO?
I KNOW WHAT YER SAYIN' JED, GODDAMMIT!
SHERIFF! ROGER WON'T FIX ANOTHER POT O
I SPILT IT, I'LL FIX IT! IF I DIDN' KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK I WAS OUT HERE WITH A BUNCHA CHI'REN!
HEY, SHERIFF! I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHIN' MOVIN' OUT THERE... SOMETHIN' WHITISH!
WEE UH-HUH-HUH-HUH!
SNORT
WHAT?!
HUH?
WHEREBOUTS IS IT, BO?
JUS' ACROSS THAT-THERE GULCH, YONDER.
I DON'T SEE NUTHIN'.
DAMN!
SOMETHIN'S SPOOKIN' THE HORSES.
HEY! WHO DO I GOTTA KEEL T'GI' A GOO' NIGH'S SLIP?!
THERE'S SOMETHIN' OUT THERE. COULD BE TROUBLE, JOAQUIN, OR IT COULD BE THEM TWO LI'L LOST VARMINTS.
7


WRONG AGAIN, SHERIFF. OUR SMALL HEROES ARE MILES AWAY, IN ANOTHER WORLD, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON.
CARNIVEAN'S CURSE! LOOK AT THAT BIG SON OF A BITCH!
OKAY, MAN, LIKE WHATTA WE DO NOW?
WE COULD (OOF!) ROLL UP IN A BALL AND START MAKING NOISES LIKE A ROCK.
YEAH. CUTE, SWEAZ. BUT, ALL KIDDIN' ASIDE, WHAT DO THESE MINERALS HAVE AGAINST US?
KRAK
PANT! GASP!
IT'S PROBABLY JUST SOME TERRITORIAL THING.
I, FOR ONE, REFUSE TO TAKE IT PERSONALLY.
THAT'S GREAT, SWEAZ. NOW HOW 'BOUT THINKIN' UP A SPELL T'GIT US OUT HERE!
CHUNK!
WHAT ABOUT... HMM. WE COULD TRY TH' OLD AVALANCHE SPELL, IF I CAN REMEMBER IT. IT'S REAL SHORT.
THAT MAKES SENSE. EGKH!
I GOT IT!
PORKNOSE PAELLA!
OOPS!
TO BE CONTINUED.

"Success"...sure it's a big word.But no other word in the Pan-Galactic Eastern Standard TV Dictionary is big enough to describe the cosmically colossal impact of the "Pad Five" lads from Betelgeuse--known simply as "The Betels..."
GULP!
THE BETELS
MT. ROCKMORE
Fab Gear!
In the Groove!
That magic summer of '64 will always be remembered for such monster laser-disc megahits as "Beat the Metels" and "Gulp!" The hits just kept on coming...

Naturally, the strain of touring and the sudden acquisition of vast wealth, had it's effect on the boys--except for Rocky Starzborne. While Jon squandered billions on medical research to find diseases for new drugs....

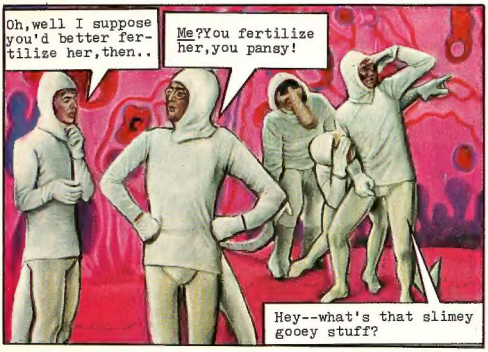
And Drongo roamed the galaxy collecting rings from surrounding planets, Gorge and Pal bought, sold and bankrupted entire star-systems in a real-life version of Cosmonopoly.

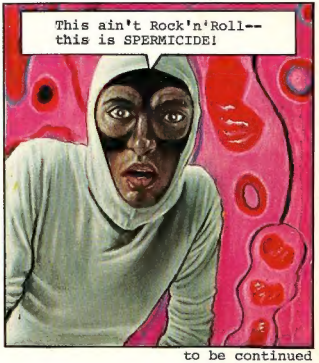


Meanwhile, Rocky lived in a seedy space-port restroom, pondering such questions as:

But then, disaster struck.
Wolfman Jakka, the band's mentor, was found dead, floating in his dining room after an unsuccessful attempt to free-baste with Coke. It was a newly sober group which met at his funeral.
Look--here comes Rocky!
Hey Rocky--the stinking old slug's dead!
What does that mean?
It means we're finally free from his contract, that's what!
What expands, must contract...
At another time, his friends might have scoffed at this simple wisdom--but this was the 60's...
Hey, wow, I see what Rocky's saying--the Universe is all too much!
Yeah, man--stars are like beer suds spilling from my Dixie Cup!

Later that week, the band called a press conference to set out the new mystical yearnings which were to result in their first critical flop:





to be continued

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